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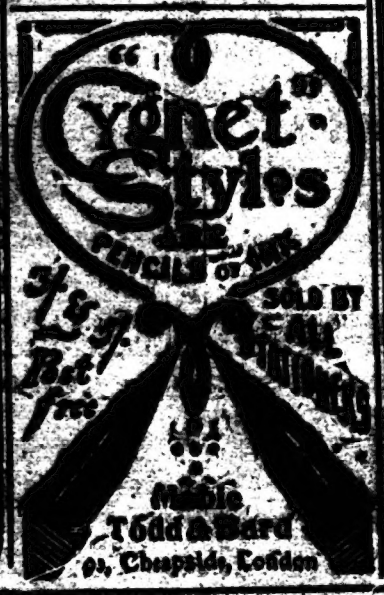

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No. 679. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JULY 23, 1903. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

A VARYING AGE.

THE minister was calling for the first time on the family, and making the usual inquiries regarding the family's names and ages.

Turning to Johnny, he queried: "And how old are you, John?"

"Please, sir, when I'm sent for beer for father I'm fourteen, but when I'm going by train I'm only eleven."

MRS. DE FAD (in bric-à-brac shop): "You have a beautiful collection of antiques here."

New Boy: "Yes'm, we have all the latest novelties."

"WOULDN'T we be surprised if we could see ourselves as others see us?"

"Yes, but the others would be surprised, too, if they could see us as we see ourselves."

DAUGHTER (pleading for her lover): "But, father, I am positive that it is not my money he is after. He says he would marry me if I were ever so poor."

Stern and Prosaic Father: "Yes, he looks as if he had no better sense."

THE SCOTTISH PHILOSOPHER.

A SCOTSMAN who has a keen appreciation of the strong characteristics of his countrymen delights in this story of a chemist, known both for his thrift and his philosophy.

Once he was aroused from a deep sleep by the ringing of his night bell. He went down to his little shop and sold a dose of rather nauseous medicine to a distressed customer.

"What profit do you make out o' that?" grumbled his wife.

"A ha'penny," was the cheerful answer.

"And for that bit o' money you'll lie awake maybe an hour!" she said impatiently.

"Never grumble o'er that, woman," was his placid answer. "The dose will keep him awake all night. We must thank Heaven we ha' the profit and none o' the pains o' this transaction."

HE: "It is funny that it should be so hard to get wind enough for these yacht races."

She: "Perhaps you men have wasted it all in discussing them."

CRAWFORD: "It doesn't do a fellow any harm to be thrown on his own resources."

Merritt: "No, the trouble is, it always happens when he hasn't any."

SHE: "I don't care; I just know you're wrong."

He: "Oh, come now, why do you persist in saying that?"

She: "Because you won't admit it."

TOO PARTICULAR.

"IT does look like rain."

"I beg your pardon."

"I say it looks like rain."

"What does?"

"The weather."

"The weather, my dear sir, is a condition. Rain is water in the act of falling from the clouds. It is impossible that they should look alike."

"What I meant was that the sky looked like rain."

"Equally impossible. The sky is the blue vault above us—the seeming arch or dome that we mistakenly call the heavens. It does not resemble falling water in the least."

"Well, then, if you are so particular, it looks as if it would rain."

"As if what would rain?"

"The weather, of course."

"The weather, as before stated, being a condition, cannot rain."

"The clouds then, con— " But just then down the rain came, and they parted in a hurry.

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YOU AND I.

It was Spring-time when we met first.
You and I;
And the happy birds were singing,
Far and nigh;
And our hearts were singing, too,
All the songs love ever knew:
We were sweethearts, young and true,
You and I;
And the music of the spheres
Had no trace or touch of tears
As it rang upon our ears—
You and I!

It was Autumn when we parted,
You and I;
Birds were silent, and a sorrow
In the sky;
And our hearts had naught to say,
At the ending of the day,
As we parted in the grey,
You and I;
For the music all had fled,
All the dreams we dreamt were dead,
And good-bye was all we said,
You and I!

'Twill be Spring-time when I meet you,
By and bye;
There'll be singing birds and sunshine
In the sky;
You will come to me again,
And the parting and the pain
We shall not have known in vain,
You and I;
Love will wake and sing anew,
Twice as tender, twice as true,
Deeper far than that we knew,
You and I!

MADE A DIFFERENCE.

"YES, George asked me how old I would be on my next birthday."

"The impudent fellow! Of course, you said nineteen?"

"No: I said twenty-six."

"Mercy, girl! you're only twenty-four."

"I know, but George is going to give me a cluster ring with a diamond in it for every year."

GLAD HE SPOKE.

"EXCUSE me, sir," said the waiter, as he observed a man emptying the matchbox into his overcoat pocket, "them is patent safety matches, and won't light only on the box."

"I thank you. Your grammar is atrocious, but I'm glad you spoke."

And, reaching out again, he took the box and put it in his pocket.

"YOU'LL become used to the motion of the yacht soon, dearest," said the young husband, soothingly. "It's your home, you know, for the next month."

"Then what ails me, I suppose," replied the wan bride, trying to smile, "is homesickness."

WITHERBY: "I made the mistake of my life this morning. I told my wife I didn't like her new gown."

Plankington: "What, was she angry?"

Witherby: "Oh, no, it wasn't that; but she wants another."

TEACHER: "Tommy Brown, tell me the shape of the earth."

Tommy: "Round."

Teacher: "How do you know?"

Tommy Brown: "You told me."

Teacher: "Well, how do you suppose I know?"

Tommy Brown: "Oh! I s'pose somebody told you."

WISDOM OF THE CHEMIST.

"I WOULD er like a bottle of er—good hair restorer," said the callow youth with the multi-coloured tie.

"Want it for your moustache, I suppose?" queried the chemist.

"Er—yes," admitted the pride of his mamma.

"Thought so," rejoined the pill compiler. "What you want is a bottle of hair originator."

SHE: "I understand that old man Millyuns is a distant relative of yours."

He: "That's right. He's so distant that he isn't able to recognise me."

"THEY say that in Russia they disinfect their money every now and then. Seems to me that would be a good idea for this country to try."

"Oh, I dunno. I never noticed that money here was alarmingly contagious."

"ARE you aware," asked the sweet girl graduate, as they strolled along the sandy shore, "that the moon affects the tide?"

"I know it affects romantic lovers," replied the young man in the scene, "but I was under the impression it lost its power after they were tied."

THREE STAGES OF LOVE.

CLARA: "I don't know what to make of your brother. For three months after we met he did nothing but write poetry to me."

Dora: "Has he stopped that?"

"Yes. Since then he has made me some nice presents, but he has even stopped that."

"Hum! Let me see. I have it. The household pages of our newspapers have been clipped terribly of late. No doubt he is making a collection of cooking receipts. He's in earnest."

MESMERIST'S WIFE: "Carlos!"

Mesmerist: "Well, dear?"

Mesmerist's Wife: "I wish you would come here and tell baby he is asleep."

TEACHER: "Heat makes things grow larger, while cold causes them to grow smaller."

Johnny: "Is that why the days are long in summer and short in winter?"

BROWNOVICH: "I thought you were a vegetarian?"

Smithinsky: "So I am."

Brownovich: "Then why did you order roast beef for dinner?"

Smithinsky: "My boy, haven't you heard that all flesh is grass?"

HE WON THE BET.

THE other evening an eccentric-looking and slovenly-dressed old man was sitting with his legs crossed in an armchair before the fire in the smoking-room of one of the leading commercial hotels.

His trousers were somewhat drawn up on one leg, which he crossed, exposing to view a brilliant red, white, and blue striped sock; and, noticing two or three of the company looking at it and smiling at each other, he lifted his foot into full view and said, with apparently much satisfaction:

"Grand pattern that, isn't it, gentlemen? I'll bet there's not another like it in the room."

"I'll bet cigars round that there is," replied one rather youthful commercial.

"Done," cried the old man. "Where is it?"

"On your other foot," responded the bettor with a triumphant laugh, which was generally joined in.

"That's just where you make a mistake," said the old man with a knowing wink. "I generally reckon upon finding one flat in a company, and so come prepared."

With that he pulled up the other leg of his trousers, and, to the amusement of all but the loser, exposed a black sock.

SHORT STORIES is just the paper to read on your holidays. One penny, every Tuesday.

MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER.

IN one of the coolest, shadiest nooks of Kensington Gardens, Maisie Brooks sat one summer afternoon, grateful, after her long morning's work, for the peaceful resting-place, for the scent of the flowers, the sparkle of the sun upon the water.

She made a pretty picture, despite the short serge skirt which much wear and many wettings had caused to shrink most woefully, the mended boots, and the general air of shabbiness which pervaded her attire. For her small head was daintily set upon her shoulders, and the wealth of soft, fair hair would have made even a plain face charming. For the rest—a somewhat pathetic mouth, big, grave eyes, a straight nose, and a creamy skin, faintly tinged with rose. Pity that so fair a face should wear so sad, so weary an expression.

From under her heavy white lids, fringed with curling lashes, the girl gazed at the loiterers—young girls, charmingly dressed, smart Society women, nursemaids with picturesque-looking babies, depressed governesses bearing the burden of unruly children. Gradually, however, the passers-by grew fewer, and at last the place seemed deserted save for herself and a tall, distinguished, albeit slightly shabby individual, who was evidently making his way towards her seat.

Maisie felt a sudden interest in the new arrival. Had he been resplendent in patent boots, the latest thing in ties, and of a fashionable "get-up" generally, the girl would not have vouchsafed another glance, but there was something about the tired droop of the head, the patient weariness in the large, dark eyes that touched her, familiar as she was with the heartsickness of hope deferred.

"Out of a berth, poor fellow," she murmured and sighed sympathetically. She knew so well all that the phrase implies. The daily answering of innumerable advertisements demanding impossible qualifications, for a wholly inadequate salary; the journeys to all parts of London only to learn that the coveted position has been obtained by a more fortunate individual and the ever-growing fear that the small store of money and credit will be exhausted and still find the anxious one in the great army of the "out of works."

Her cogitations, however, were brought to an abrupt close, for the stranger had grown very white, and with a moan fell back against the seat.

How it all came about Maisie could not tell, but in an incredibly short space of time she had found a keeper, dispatched him for a glass of water, and having revived the stranger was listening to his history with rapt attention.

Born in Australia, Robert Everett had passed the first twenty years of his existence in a lonely station far up the country. His mother was dead, his father a reserved, taciturn sort of man, had never given him any information as to his standing or position in England. After the old man's death, however, Robert discovered among his papers certain letters which showed that he was distantly related—if not more nearly connected—with a noble family.

Seized with a desire to find out who and what he really was, Robert sold his farm and came to England. Once in London he unearthed what seemed to him to be irrefutable proofs that he was the rightful claimant not only to large estates, but to a title.

His father had disappeared from England, owing, it was believed, to some love affair, and in the interval which had elapsed between his leaving the country and his death, accident had removed the three nearest in succession to the baronetcy. The present holder of the title, Sir Lionel Everett, belonged to a younger branch of the family, and Robert's claim was undoubtedly a strong one. But money and possession are all-powerful, and after two years of fruitless effort and interminable law proceedings young Everett found his money exhausted, and the suit as far from being settled as at first.

"It sounds absurd, doesn't it?" he asked, with a weary laugh. "How can I expect you to credit such a story when I can neither show you proofs, nor mention anyone who knows me? At this present moment I have not a friend—the solicitors who took up the case have abandoned it now that my money's gone, and I am, so to speak, laughed out of court. It is useless to hope that you will believe me."

"Indeed, I do believe you," said Maisie softly, convinced despite herself that his tale was true.

"Thank you," he said quietly, and stretched out his hand. A moment's hesitation, and then she slid her soft, white fingers into his, and somehow each felt they had sealed a compact.

"What are you going to do?" asked the girl presently. "I mean until the case is settled."

He looked up wearily. "Get work of some sort, I hope; if not—starve."

"But—but——"

"I have some sort of shelter," he answered, reading her thought. "I'm living in an attic in Bloomsbury—fortunately I paid the rent a month or so in advance, so I shan't have to sleep on the Embankment at present."

Maisie fumbled in her pocket, and with a shamefaced blush emptied the contents of her purse into his hand.

"'Tis little enough, only a few shillings," she said pleadingly, "surely you won't refuse it? I think poor people should always help each other, and a little while ago I was as hard up, every bit as you."

He look at her inquiringly, and for the first time he realised that, though pretty, she was hardly fashionably clothed.

"Like you, I am an orphan," she said, "and have to make my own way in the world. I am a typist in one of the large shops in Westbourne Grove, and I live at Notting Hill."

"Poor little girl," he thought, and involuntarily a look of pity, mixed with admiration, flashed into his eyes. "I won't refuse your help," he said at last, "at any rate for the present; and now"—as her luncheon hour over she rose to go—"when may I see you again?"

For a moment the girl hesitated.

Was it prudent to see this good-looking stranger any more? Conventionality said "No." Inclination, "Yes."

"I have a holiday on Saturday afternoon," she answered.

"And you will be here?"

"Yes."

"Thank you a thousand times."

They parted at the gate; she returned to the emporium where, for the princely salary of eighteen shillings a week, she sat in a small office and typed for all she was worth from nine o'clock in the morning till seven at night; he, to find his way to the nearest coffee-house and enjoy the first square meal he had eaten for days.

* * * * *

"Late again, Miss Brooks. This is the fourth time within the last month. Such unpunctuality—in this establishment at all events—cannot be tolerated. If it occurs again I shall be obliged to dispense with your services."

It was evident something had occurred to ruffle the serenity of the head of the counting-house, for, as a rule, Miss Brooks was something of a favourite with the powers that be.

Maisie faltered an excuse to the effect that she had not been well, but it was received with stony silence; and, with a sinking heart, the girl realised that for some unknown reason Mr. Hilton was determined, sooner or later, to dismiss her.

"He wants your place for his niece," whispered a fellow clerk; "she's just up from the country and is mad to get into an office."

"But why does he choose me?" asked poor Maisie.

"You don't stand up to him, my dear. Any of us others would answer him back, or speak to old Brown"—the owner of the emporium—"but you take things quietly, and you get sat upon. Take my advice and be more cheeky."

But "cheekiness" and Maisie were as far asunder as the Poles. It was positive anguish to her even to contemplate a war of words, and rather than complain to "old Brown" she would have gone at a moment's notice. Her forebodings were only too quickly realised—within a fortnight she had left the emporium, and the manager's niece typed in her stead.

It was some six months since her first meeting with Robert Everett, and during that time their friendship had steadily increased. She had brought him luck, so he declared, for within a week of their acquaintanceship he had obtained an appointment through the influence of some Australian friends, and was now doing very fairly well.

They did not talk quite so much now-a-days of the "case." Maisie was inclined to think that it would be better were he to abandon it once and for all, and settle down to a more peaceful if more monotonous existence. The young fellow, however, was obstinate; every penny he could save from his salary he put by, determined, as soon as he had raised the sinews of war, to return to the attack.

But when he heard Maisie's news he faltered for the first time in his resolution.

"I'm not quick at figures," she sobbed, "nor at typing either, and fearfully slow at shorthand. I was a long time before I got employment at Brown's, and I can't go to Aunt Lucy's again; they're none too well off themselves."

"Why do you depreciate yourself so dreadfully, Maisie?" he asked a trifle crossly. "I assure you it doesn't pay, in this world, at all events. Cheer up, little woman," he added more kindly, "you'll get a berth sooner or later. I'll speak to everyone I know. Before long you're sure to hear of something. Cheer up."

But in spite of his admonition, Maisie felt a curious sense of desolation as she watched the tall, straight figure out of sight. She did not know what she had expected, but she felt that had he been in trouble, somehow or other she would have acted differently.

Wilfred apparently arrived at the same conclusion, judging by his soliloquy over a midnight pipe.

"She's the sweetest little woman in the world," he declared, "and I'm an ungrateful ass to have hesitated a moment. She didn't beat about the bush when I was down on my luck. We'll get married next week—if—" with a sudden doubt, "she'll have me. I've enough put by to start housekeeping, and the case," he sighed regretfully, "must go by the board. She's worth more than a thousand titles."

He decided to call for Maisie directly he left the office on the morrow. They would go to the theatre, and he would be very kind and very loving to make up for his coldness of to-day. But he was unexpectedly detained in town, and the following morning found him laid up with an attack of the influenza fiend; too ill to move, even to scribble a note. She would be sure to write, he argued; she would be sure something was wrong.

But he had not taken the girl's extreme sensitiveness into consideration. She had expected him, as usual, the previous afternoon, and a dull pain had crept into her heart as the hours went on and never brought him. By the next morning she was wrought up to a pitch of grief and excitement painful to witness. She had been mistaken in him; now that he was getting on, he despised the poor little girl who had so rejoiced in his friendship.

"I shall die," she moaned, "I shall die."

Why should she not write and ask the reason for his treatment? Her pride revolted at the idea. She would wait in silence—even if it killed her.

And the second evening passed away, and the next morning found her wild-eyed and despairing, waiting once again for the letter that never came.

And so, the victims of mischance, these two fond hearts drifted apart as suddenly and strangely as they met. Maisie received the offer of a situation in an office in Manchester at a much larger salary than she had ever dreamt of getting, and which she dared not refuse; and yet, how could she go to a strange place among strange faces, without a word, a sign of leave-taking, from Robert?

At last she dispatched a timid little note, telling him she was leaving London, and begging for an answer by return. Poor Robert was delirious when it arrived, and so, all forlorn and with a pain at her heart almost too great to bear, the girl set out.

Some three weeks later Robert, pale as a ghost and singularly gaunt, drove up in a hansom to the house where Maisie had lodged. Only that morning he had been given his correspondence, and, contrary to doctor's orders, and in defiance of everything and everybody had driven off to answer, if not too late, Maisie's farewell note.

He found the place deserted and empty. The landlady had moved, so the neighbours said, shortly after the young lady left.

And, notwithstanding all his efforts, no trace could he discover either of the landlady or Maisie. The tide of life had swept past him, leaving him stranded on the beach—alone.

* * * * *

A year since Maisie had left London, and already Time, the universal healer, had worked wonders. True, she still occasionally experienced a faint tremor at the postman's knock, and sometimes indulged in daydreams of a happy reunion with Robert. But such wistful longings did not affect her materially, and gradually she grew more contented than she had ever been. Her employment was congenial—she was secretary to one of the heads of the firm—and, free from the fear of constant fault-finding.

She was the only woman in the building, and inasmuch as she was extremely pretty and singularly sweet-mannered, it is not surprising that all the employées, from the senior clerk to the smallest office boy, were her sincere admirers. More than one had shown an inclination to develop into something nearer and dearer, but she felt chary of ever again embarking on the troublous sea of love; besides, she could never care for any man save one.

Sometimes the thought flashed across her that perhaps her letter had miscarried—such things had happened. Once, when the longing to see or hear from him—it was Christmas time, and she was terribly lonely—mastered her, she penned a note couched in stiff, not to say stilted, language, giving her address, and saying "she would be glad to know how he was." A sudden rush of tenderness made her add a postscript, which caused her, after it had gone, tears of mortification and distress.

"I can never forget you," she wrote; "you are all I have." And answer there was none.

Fate had once more intervened. Robert had gone to Australia for some important documents necessary to prove his identity, and the letter was sent after him, only to reach Australia the day after he had sailed for home.

After that Maisie steeled her heart. There were others.

Accordingly, one of her most devoted admirers, a good-looking young giant of the name of Ernest Arnold, was suddenly raised to the seventh heaven of delight. Once she even deigned to accompany his sisters, under his care, to a fancy ball given in aid of some charity.

But the young fellow's hopes of a delightful evening were crushed by the unexpected line his lady fair took up. Maisie wore a mask and domino.

"What's the name of that tall girl in crimson, the one with that pretty little fair thing? Are they sisters?" she asked of her partner.

"Sisters-in-law," he corrected. "The tall one is Lady Lionel Everett—she is chaperoning the other, Miss Daisy Everett."

"Is Sir Lionel Everett here?" asked Maisie, a sudden desire to see Robert's rival possessing her.

"Yes, that chap over there, dressed as a Crusader.

"By-the-bye," he went on, "it's rumoured that Sir Lionel is about to lose his title. Some colonial or other has turned up, and it's been suggested that he should marry Miss Everett and so keep the money in the family."

Maisie looked eagerly towards the group.

Daisy, fair as a lily, dressed as Elaine, a tall, splendidly-dressed Toreador bending over her, while Lady Everett chatted to a Monk.

Something about the Spanish Cavalier seemed curiously familiar to Maisie, and she longed to hear his voice.

A desperate determination took possession of the girl. She dropped her fan at the Toreador's feet.

He stooped and picked it up, hazarding a flowery speech in a grandiloquent style.

Maisie's heart beat fast.

"You should suit your compliments to your costume, or *vice versa*," she said softly.

"Is my tongue so very rough and ready?" he asked.

"Not always," she answered. "Sometimes it is subtle. Sweet, then cruel, wounding when most it caresses."

He started forward, but with a little mocking laugh she glided away.

For the rest of the evening the Toreador sought for the yellow domino in every corner, until at the stroke of twelve everyone unmasked.

He was standing in an ante-room with Daisy Everett, facing a mirror. As he removed his mask, smiling admiringly enough at the fair Elaine beside him, the heavy draperies at the door were parted, and a figure in a yellow domino glided to the glass.

"Maisie!" he called.

A voice answered "Robert!"

And then, regardless of Miss Everett's horrified amazement, he held her to his heart, fastening kisses on her lips, her hair, her eyes.

"But why had he disregarded her letter—her appeals—"

"My dear," he said, "if ever a man paid for his folly I have done so. I never had your letter till too late. I was very ill, my own, and when I came to you, you'd flown."

And so it came to pass that, after all, Robert Everett married Maisie Brooks before the title and position he so longed for came to him, even as she had desired.

"The Delights of a Dip," by Reginald Maingay. See the August seaside number of the ROYAL MAGAZINE.

THOSE WHO WISH TO ENTER THIS COMPETITION NOW MAY DO SO BY PAYING TWO SHILLINGS AND TWOPENCE TO THEIR NEWSVENDOR, WHO WILL OBTAIN FOR THEM ALL THE PICTURES UP-TO-DATE, OR THESE PICTURES WILL BE SENT POST FREE FOR TWO SHILLINGS AND EIGHTPENCE, BY THE PUBLISHER, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY," HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

£5 a WEEK for LIFE!

(Which will NOT be divided.)

AND A FURTHER SUM OF

£1,000 CASH DOWN.

If any member of your family wants the pictures below, they will be found in to-day's BIG BUDGET, 1D.

Example: HULL.

Don't be discouraged if you can't solve every picture.

Readers who have not yet started, but who decide to do so now, may secure all the pictures up to date through any newsagent for 2s. 2d., or from this office post free for 2s. 5d.

READ EVERY LINE OF THIS.

Those who are still competing should not lose sight of the fact that the goal in front of them is the huge prize of £5 a Week for Life. They must remember that with an income of £5 a Week for Life their future happiness is insured. They will be free from all money troubles and worries that may now beset them, and not only themselves, but those who are most near and dear to them will benefit by the regular and certain income.

☞ The Prize of £5 a WEEK FOR LIFE is so huge that it is almost impossible for one to realise at first thought what it really means. Therefore the following hints will probably enable you to grasp the full value of such a regular income:—

£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE means, unless you are extravagant, absolute freedom from money troubles as long as you live.

£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE is an insurance against depression and mental worry.

£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE will enable you to dispense charity with a liberal hand.

£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE will cover the cost of taking a cottage in the country, and living there in comfort for the rest of your days.

£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE will buy you a bigger house and enable you to live in better style.

£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE will pay the expenses of months of foreign travel.

£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE will buy anything you can possibly want, from a piano to a motor-car.

In fact, there is no limit to the things you can do with £5 A WEEK FOR LIFE.

We want to impress you with the fact that it does not do to become discouraged because you are unable to find a solution to every single picture. If you are able to find only half the solutions correctly, and none of the other competitors find as many, the £5 a Week for Life will be paid you just the same. So continue your work quietly and steadily until the last set of pictures appears. *You would be pretty sorry if you gave up trying before the end of the Competition, and then found when the list of solutions was published that you had got every single one correct up to the time you discontinued, and that the man who got the prize had several incorrect.* You would not like the prize to slip through your fingers in that way, would you?

And so keep steadily on until you are told to send your pictures in. Meanwhile, see what you can do towards discovering solutions to those below.

Below you will find some pictures. Each of these pictures consists of certain objects which, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a railway station in the United Kingdom.

What you have to do is to find the railway station with the longest name made up entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from words which have the same sound). See example shown above.

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

Before you begin, examine the example shown, which will make the matter clear.

Taking this as a guide, you have now to examine the pictures below, and discover the name of the railway station which each of them represents. When you have done this, write the name down in the space provided, and KEEP THE PAGE BY YOU. A SET OF PICTURES WILL APPEAR EACH WEEK.

The prize of £5 A Week for Life will be paid to the competitor from whom the Editors of *Pearson's Weekly* and *The Big Budget* actually receive the complete series of pictures containing the greatest number of correct solutions and fulfilling the conditions printed below. A further sum of £1,000 will be divided in the following manner among those who come next: First Consolation Cash Gift, £100; Second Cash Gift, £50; Third Cash Gift, £40; Fourth Cash Gift, £35; Fifth Cash Gift, £25; Sixth Cash Gift, £25; Seventh Cash Gift, £20; Eighth to Fifty-seventh Cash Gifts, £10 each; Fifty-eighth to Ninety-seventh Cash Gifts, £5 each.

This same prize is offered in THE BIG BUDGET (one penny, every Thursday). There are not two prizes of £5 a Week for Life, but ONE prize of £5 a Week for Life for PEARSON'S WEEKLY and BIG BUDGET readers combined. This also applies to the consolation gifts.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.

Every issue of *Pearson's Weekly* has to go to press a fortnight before it comes into your hands, with the result that any statement of immediate interest which we may have to make to you concerning the competition is necessarily delayed. As a convenience to our readers we have made arrangements with the Daily Express, which can be obtained from any newsagent throughout the Kingdom, the *Midland Express* and the *North Mail*, to publish replies to inquiries made by competitors, and also to make any statements regarding developments in the competition. Each of the morning newspapers in question can be obtained for a halfpenny. The information will be found at the foot of the first column on page two in each paper.

CUT ACROSS HERE.

CONDITIONS.

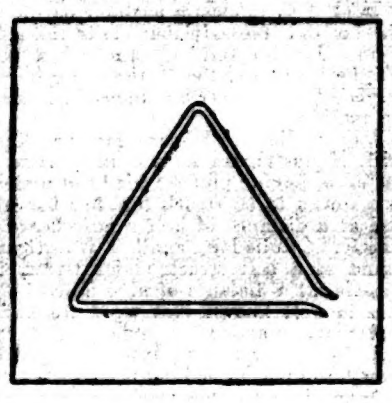
1. The name must be clearly written under each picture in ink. (Use a fine pen.)
2. Only one name is allowed under each picture.
3. No alternative [illegible] in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out, and write it again.
4. When you have filled up your set of pictures, cut it out and turn it in [illegible].
5. Members of the same family may forward as many complete sets of pictures as they like. Each [illegible] will be accepted independently, and the coupon accompanying it must be fastened [illegible] at the top left-hand corner.
6. The name [illegible] the greatest number of [illegible] of the names (or words which [illegible] sound) of the object or objects [illegible] in the correct solution, [illegible] one or more of such names or [illegible] in one picture with an equal [illegible], each will be counted correct.
7. No compe[illegible] of professional [illegible] who send out circulars, [illegible] appear in the Press. [illegible] for this competition [illegible] this understanding. The [illegible] will not be paid to anyone who we find [illegible] condition.
8. In the event of a tie, a further set (or, if necessary, several further sets) of pictures will be submitted to the tying competitors until one [illegible] emerges.
9. The first [illegible] £5 A Week for Life—will be paid [illegible] to the winner, who shall not be [illegible] that it be capitalised. Nor shall the winner be allowed to sell or pledge [illegible] weekly payment, and his receipt alone will [illegible].
10. All the [illegible] in the sketches will be found as [illegible] in the Index to Stations in the January [illegible] edition of Bradshaw's Railway Guide. [illegible] is now out of print, but a reprint of the Index to stations, which is all you [illegible], can be had (three penny stamps [illegible]) on application to Bradshaw's Guide, 59 [illegible], London, E.C., or to Room 7, Pearson's Weekly, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

(These conditions are subject to correction and alteration [illegible] the competition closes.)

No inquiries [illegible] these conditions can be answered either personally or through the post. If a point of sufficient general interest is raised, it will be dealt with in the paper.

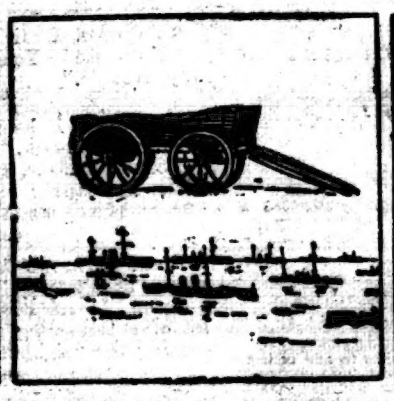
151.....

152.....

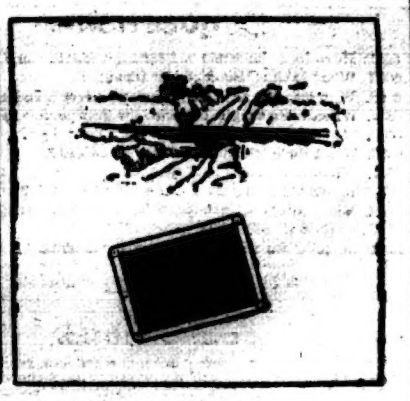


153.....

154.....



155.....



156.....

Name.....

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS.

[illegible] is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.

REPLIES.

A SLIPPERY PLACE.

[illegible] Slippery? ([illegible])

[illegible] are four [illegible] of ice which combine to [illegible] so dear to the [illegible] impenetrability of ice due to its hardness, and smoothness due to its fine grain and manner of [illegible]ising, produce a surface over which a body can [illegible] with very little friction. Next, owing to its [illegible]adhesive properties, it does not tend to cling to [illegible], so as to impede their passage.

[illegible] the principal reason for the slipperiness of ice is [illegible] changes in physical condition under slight pres[illegible]. Under ordinary conditions [illegible] body [illegible] on ice fuses or melts that part with which it [illegible] into immediate contact, thus causing a layer of [illegible] between the object and the ice, which acts as a [illegible], and reduces friction to a minimum. [illegible] will slip on wet [illegible] on dry. One is lubricated, the other is not. [illegible] hard, smooth, non-adhesive, and well-[illegible] is slippery.

ON HOW MANY TOES?

[illegible]

[illegible] The oldest known [illegible] no bigger than a large dog, and lived on swampy [illegible]d. It had five toes on each extremity, and walked [illegible] bear, on the soles of its feet.

[illegible] time went on, the descendants of creatures like this [illegible] to firmer ground, and became adapted to swift [illegible] the limbs [illegible] more complicated. There [illegible] in size, and [illegible] the acquisition of a [illegible] plains of Europe and North [illegible] in the [illegible] period preceding our own. [illegible] middle toe, [illegible] like those from which horses have descended.

SOUND WITHOUT AIR.

[illegible] be Obtained without Air? (6627.)

[illegible] if some elastic medium be interposed between [illegible] and the body that emits the sound, but sound [illegible] be transmitted through a perfect vacuum. [illegible] proved that if the space between the sound[illegible] body and the ear be exhausted of air, no sound will [illegible] audible.

[illegible] medium, however—gaseous, liquid, or solid—[illegible] if elastic, transmits sound waves. Franklin, for [illegible], having plunged his head under water, caused [illegible] stones to be struck together beneath the surface, [illegible] at a distance of half a mile heard the blows [illegible]. Colladon, another investigator, heard the [illegible] of a bell struck under water, in the lake [illegible], at a distance of nine miles.

[illegible] is well known that wood transmits sound in a [illegible] manner. A person at one end of a wooden [illegible] will hear a pin-scratch made at the other end, [illegible] the person making it may hear no sound at all. [illegible] that is sometimes employed as a test of the sound[illegible] of the beam, for the experiment will fail if the [illegible] wood be rotten.

[illegible] VALLEYS [illegible]

Which British Mountains [illegible] were Once Valleys? ([illegible])

Amongst the most curious instances of this is the recently discovered [illegible] in the [illegible] of the Pentland Hills, in Lothian, of what is known technically as the "Radiolarian Chert." This is a rock consisting largely of microscopic shells of Radiolaria, similar to Barbadoes earth, the only deposits of which now known to be in course of formation are at the bottom of the ocean, in depths exceeding 12,000 feet. The natural deduction is that the Pentland Hills must at one time have been submarine valleys.

[illegible] has pointed out [illegible] cases, such as the mountains of Arran, which he supposes to have been thrust up bodily through [illegible] and complete[illegible] lying at or below sea level, whilst Murchison ascribes a like origin to the Malvern Hills. The summit of the Sidlaw Hills, forming a spur of the Grampians, comprises a valley evidently carried upwards by side pressure at some early epoch, whilst near Airdrie, in Lanarkshire, [illegible] are found 500 feet above the present [illegible].

A SIMPLE LANGUAGE.

Which Modern Language is Least Irregular? (6629.)

This characteristic has been claimed for Turkish for its freedom from inflection and other complications, and for Italian, which, in its colloquial form, may be admitted to be the most liquid and flowing, in respect to sound, [illegible] of all existing tongues. [illegible] grammatically, it derives from Latin the irregularities which led Heine to describe the latter as "an attorney language [illegible], a lapidary language for the [illegible] people of Rome."

In the present sense probably Chinese is [illegible], because of its [illegible]. There are no attempts to make one word [illegible] purposes, and there is an [illegible] of sound to sense such as cannot be paralleled elsewhere, unless possibly in Hebrew. It contains, moreover, dialects suitable to varying circumstances. Thus a Chinese play may comprise scenes in the [illegible] style, the *siao-chow* or familiar style, and the [illegible], where low comedy is introduced into the play. All this, of course, is [illegible], but it provides a suitable word for everything, and thus avoids the irregular overlapping so familiar in English.

THE ACANTHUS IN ARCHITECTURE.

[illegible]

Vitruvius, a Roman architect and engineer, who flourished in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, tells the following story:

Callimachus, a Corinthian [illegible], was one day [illegible] burial place just outside the city, when his attention was drawn to the tomb of a Corinthian maiden of humble birth. The friends of the child had placed on her grave a basket of her toys, and this, covered with a tile to keep out the rain, was placed over an acanthus root.

The leaves of the plant had closely surrounded the basket until they reached the tile, when they had curved outwards and downwards very gracefully. This so struck the fancy of Callimachus that he set about imitating the figure. His attempts eventually resulted in the invention of the Corinthian style, in which the vase of the capital represents the basket, the abacus the tile, and the volutes the bending leaves.

The era of Callimachus is unknown, but as the Corinthian column was used by Scopas, the architect of the [illegible] at Tegea about 394 B.C., he must have lived before that time.

CARRIER PIGEONS IN OLDEN DAYS.

[illegible] Carrier Pigeons Used in Ancient Times? (6632.)

From the earliest dawn of history the dove or pigeon has been associated with messages, and its employment in that capacity has been developed successively by Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Mussulmans, and Christians. [illegible] mentions the carriage of letters by [illegible] and Pliny. Tradition says that a victor at the Olympian games used a pigeon to carry the tidings to his home. The pigeons of Aleppo were the couriers at Alexandretta and Bagdad.

Perhaps the most interesting and certain evidence of their use in old times is a piece of sculpture shown in "Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians." The King is represented as having assumed the double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt, whilst a priest is letting loose four pigeons, with messages concerning the coronation of King Rameses III., to go north, south, east, and west of the kingdom.

In the fifteenth century pigeons were employed successfully as messengers in times of war.

ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.

Does Atmospheric Pressure Affect the Level of the Ground? (6630.)

Mr. G. Darwin has shown, by a very exhaustive series of experiments, that the result of the variations of barometric pressure on a yielding body like the earth must be to produce corresponding variations in the level of the ground.

A rise of the barometer over a given area, as he points out, means an increased weight of atmosphere upon it, and he calculates that the rise of an inch in the barometer over Australia is enough to sink that continent two or three inches.

On the other hand, a fall of an inch means the removal of this extra load, and the consequent rise of the crust, by virtue of its elasticity, to its old level, proving that these "tips of the soil" are connected with variations of atmospheric pressure.

VITALITY OF SEEDS.

Which Seed Retains Vitality for the Longest Time? (6633.)

Grains of wheat and of peas found in Egyptian tombs, where they must have lain for from 3,000 to 4,000 years, have been planted in this country, and have duly germinated. Both the air and the earth of the Nile valley are peculiarly favourable to the preservation of vegetable vitality in this form, and an even more curious case is that of the raspberry seeds recovered by Dr. [illegible] from Celtic tumuli, probably 2,000 years old, and sown in Chiswick Gardens, where they grew up, and where their descendants are still to be seen.

Of some seeds the vitality has really never been gauged. Thus, in Gloucestershire, where foreign wool is washed and worked, plants from the Cape and South America grow, and sometimes flower, having been imported with the wool. So, too, at Montpellier, in France, botanists have been enabled to study the flora of the Argentine and Mexico by means of the products of seeds brought over in fleeces, which have propagated themselves in spite of the treatment to which they have been subjected. Such seeds may, indeed, be said to be indestructible.

A NATURAL WEATHER-VANE.

What Bird [illegible] Weather-Vane Indicator? (6634.)

It was an old belief that if the preserved body of a halcyon, or kingfisher, were suspended by a thread from the ceiling, its bill would always turn towards the quarter whence the wind was blowing.

Thus Barabas, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, says:

> But now how stands the wind?
> Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?
> Ha! to the East? Yes.

Shakespeare also alludes to it in *King Lear* when Kent, in his reply to Cornwall, rebukes those who

> Turn their halcyon's beaks
> With every gale and vary of their masters.

In fairly recent days a stuffed kingfisher has been seen hanging from the beam of a cottage ceiling at [illegible], near Southampton, and in other places of that neighbourhood, where there is a kindred belief that if a dead kingfisher is hung up by its beak, its breast will turn with the ebb and flow of the tide.

QUESTIONS.

[illegible]. How does the sense of hearing indicate the direction of sound?
[illegible]. What is the "Book of the Dead"?
[illegible]. Who was the first Englishman to reach India?
[illegible]. When were surgical operations first performed?
[illegible]. When do we first hear of "Mrs. Grundy"?
[illegible]. What were the results of [illegible]?
[illegible]. What is a "[illegible]"?
[illegible]. When did a [illegible] a king to death?
[illegible]. What animals have there been that could not be classified in the present [illegible]?
[illegible]. What is the [illegible] "Hurrah"?

CONDITIONS.

[illegible]

"Darling, I can never forget you."
"Nonsense! You did it on my last birthday without any trouble."

Patient: "I hear that Mr. Bosser, the oldest inhabitant, is sick."
Doctor: "He is, and I fear that I can do nothing for him. He cannot remember a summer to match this one, and he seems to have lost all interest in life."

First Married Man: "Women are frightful gossips, aren't they?"
Second Married Man: "Yes; but just think what a lot of entertaining information one would miss concerning the neighbours were they otherwise."

Hostess (who has made unusual preparations for a fine dinner): "I tell John that if he will bring people home unexpectedly to dinner, they must take just what we have."
Guest (wishing to put her at ease): "Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Bluffer. I'm an old traveller; used to roughing it now and then, you know."

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R. J. PAULL, General Manager and Secretary.

[illegible] Masts and Sails.

The "Coopers" of the North Sea.

They Look Like Fishing Smacks, but Never Catch Fish.

And Many Accidents are Attributable to them.

The floating population of the North Sea fisheries averages about [illegible], and though steam has given the means of [illegible] to port to a majority of these fishermen, there are yet very many sailing smacks which stay weeks at a time out of sight of land, sending their catch home to market by the fish-carrying steamers.

It is, nominally, to supply stores to these smacks that the North Sea floating shops, or "coopers," as they are generally called, are fitted out. These generally hail from some Dutch port, and those few that do a legitimate trade in bread and groceries are most useful.

The worst of it is that the grocery business is not half so profitable as running a floating grog and tobacco shop. In consequence nearly all these ship shops are in reality nothing else but floating public-houses which

sell strong tobacco and worse liquor.

"Coopers" look just like ordinary smacks, and even carry nets in order to deceive the police boats. But they rarely trouble to catch fish, even for their own use. Their skippers, who are some of the worst scoundrels afloat, know only too well that they can always find [illegible] who will barter not only their [illegible], their clothes, and even their [illegible] for a dozen of the cheap and fiery Hollands of which they carry a big supply in their holds.

Of course [illegible], no can easily afford to sell the [illegible] at a penny a glass, and make a [illegible] at that price. Some of them even have their [illegible] fitted up with regular bars.

[illegible] a fleet, and dozens of men [illegible] drink and sing. Often, when the [illegible] to get back to their own [illegible] incapable of handling an oar, and [illegible] lost every year through disgraceful [illegible]

[illegible] their crews.

Two years ago a [illegible] from Scheveningen was picked up [illegible], with only a boy of fifteen [illegible] aboard her. All the rest had gone [illegible] and coming back, had been [illegible] within a stone's throw of their [illegible] had stood on deck and listened to their cries of despair, quite unable to help them.

Every year [illegible] Yarmouth and Lowestoft boats come [illegible] their trawl ropes and bridles, and [illegible] with a net gone. The story to the owners is of a storm which caught them unprepared. But the owners know too well that their property is probably lying at that moment in some Jew's [illegible] Diep. The "coopers" will take [illegible] in exchange for liquor, but actually prefer [illegible] stores to money. They have always a ready sale for good British gear in Dutch ports.

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[illegible] difficult to catch.

But H.M. [illegible] cutter [illegible] was lucky enough in April last to catch two Dutch "coopers," the Rebecca and the [illegible]. Six of the men were up at [illegible] and heavily fined, and all the [illegible] and tobacco aboard them were confiscated.

Just the same sort of thing goes on among the Newfoundland [illegible], only there the "coopers" are [illegible] and ply their trade more fearlessly, [illegible] does not provide much in the way of [illegible].

The [illegible] of the "coopers" are the [illegible] of the latter think nothing of taking the law into their own hands, and [illegible] of the sea until they are glad to [illegible] the very best way to treat such [illegible].

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Of course, the ammunition is most carefully concealed, labelled "Pianos" or "Corned Beef," while the rifles go as "Glass, with care." Their happy hunting ground is among the islands of the South Pacific, where they sell their arms and liquor to the islanders, and give endless trouble to the authorities. A South American revolution is a godsend to them, for they get a chance of selling their cheap rifles at five or six times their cost price.

But their greatest haul is when they meet a tramp steamer which has run out of coal. After one of the long gales of the Southern Ocean, this is a frequent case. A pedlar has been known to dispose of a hundred tons of coal to a ship in distress of this kind at £8 a ton. A case has even occurred of a Brazilian man-of-war, sent out with a special mission to keep an eye on contraband trade, being forced to fall back on the coal supply of one of the very vessels it was in search of, and pay a long price for it, besides having to give an assurance of the cooper's safety.

FULL MARKS.

The highly cultured she ignores;
She laughs at Latin and at Greek;
On Physics too her scorn she pours,
Her Botany is rather weak.

Astronomy is cumbersome,
She pooh-poohs the starry vault;
Geology is [illegible],
Her [illegible] is all-times at fault.

Ancient Philosophy, and tales
Of [illegible] mythologic lore
Which [illegible] history scarce [illegible],
She leaves to others to explore.

But, ah! she has a kindling eye,
Her touch would make a statue feel;
Moreover, she can make a pie,
And knows the way to cook a meal.

Full marks I therefore give her now,
She shall not rest upon the shelf;
And, like a bold examiner,
I'll try to win her for myself.

SHE HAD NOTICED.

He was talking to the pessimistic, sharp-tongued damsel.

"Have you noticed," he asked, "that, as a rule, bachelors are wealthier than married men?"

"I have," she replied.

"How do you account for it?" he inquired.

"The poor man marries and the rich one doesn't," she answered. "A man is much more disposed to divide nothing with a woman than he is to divide something, you know."

SETTLING IT.

They had looked soulfully into each other's eyes for some time, but somehow he didn't seem to come to the point. Then suddenly he made a discovery.

"You have your mother's beautiful eyes, dear," he said.

She felt that the time had come to play her trump card.

"I have also," she said, "my father's lovely cheque-book."

Within thirty minutes the engagement was announced.

No one can give anything and keep it—except a promise.

Of course, it was an Irish philosopher who said: "If you would keep your head above water you must not let the grass grow under your feet."

Indulgent Father (dining in restaurant): "I presume, Horace, while you were attending that foreign medical college you formed the foolish and reprehensible habit of drinking beer?"

Son: "Why, yes, father; I had to drink it occasionally. All the other students did."

Indulgent Father: "Waiter, two beers!"

Old Lady: "Then you are not married?"

Modern Miss: "No, indeed. I am one of the bachelor girls you hear about so much nowadays—have a profession, rooms of my own, and dine at the club, you know."

Old Lady: "Ah, I see. You must let me introduce you to my dear son who lives with me. He is one of the old maid men, you know."

KINGS AS COLLECTORS.

The Austrian Emperor Delights in Menu Cards, and the Shah of Persia in Pipes.

The Princess of Wales has, it is well known, a very valuable collection of parasols of all sorts of shapes and fashions. One of these is said to be worth several thousands of pounds, though, as it will never come into the open market, it is impossible to say what is its actual value. It is made of the finest Indian silk, exquisitely embroidered, whilst the stem is of the purest ivory, interlaced with gold.

It was presented to Her Royal Highness some years ago by the Marajah Gwalior.

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One of the most famous menu cards ever prepared was on the occasion of the dinner given by Nicholas II. to President Faure at the Russian Embassy.

The card was in reality a block of the rarest black marble, beautifully painted on by a celebrated French artist in compliment to the President, whilst the actual list of dishes was lettered in ivory.

The Austrian Emperor regards this menu card as the prize of his collection, which includes the cards of nearly every Royal table in the world.

The Shah of Persia has a very celebrated collection of pipes, and during his visit to this country last year received from the Prince of Wales a valuable addition to it. This pipe is made out of one piece of pure amber, without any decoration whatsoever, and was accompanied by an ivory case, bearing the name of the Imperial recipient and the date of his visit in gold letters.

The German Emperor has a most wonderful collection of sticks of all shapes and cut in every part of the world.

There is a thick club of Oregon pine weighing some fifteen stone, and so hard that if placed in a red-hot furnace for a few minutes it would come forth unharmed.

There is also to be seen a thin cane cut from a sort of willow tree in Liberia, which can be twisted round the wrist like a piece of gutta-percha, but will become as straight as a dart when released.

Irishmen will see their native blackthorn represented in this Imperial collection side by side with a short, stumpy, yellow-looking cane, said to be 3,000 years old, and worth nearly as many pounds.

Royalties, of course, find it easier to indulge in the collecting hobby than ordinary individuals. When a King or Prince is known to be a collector, he is constantly being sent presents from persons all over the world for his collection. An Indian Prince once wrote to His Majesty, when Prince of Wales, saying that he was about to send him a magnificent spotted tiger, being somehow under the impression that His Majesty had a special herd of such pets at his home in England.

The King at once wired to thank the Prince for his kindness and courtesy, but said that tigers could not live in England for an hour, and therefore asked him not to send on the animal. Fortunately the telegram reached the Indian Prince before he had sent the tiger, otherwise His Majesty would have been the recipient of a very awkward present.

The King of Denmark had a very valuable collection of birds' eggs, which included specimens of nearly every bird's egg in existence, and took years to get together.

The collection was sold some years ago in aid of some charitable objects, and passed into various hands. It is said to have fetched £15,000.

TO STAMP COLLECTORS.

Though stamp collecting is an instructive hobby and a good occupation for spare time, it does not do to forsake other things just to gratify your desire to make as good a collection of stamps as possible. You must remember that there are other things in the world, and those who wish to get on should persevere and try their utmost. It is almost impossible to succeed unless you know for what you are adapted. Do you know for what you are adapted? If not you should send a specimen of your handwriting, together with six penny stamps and a stamped, addressed envelope, to Ralph, 25 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., in return for which you will receive a delineation of your character. If you study it well you can learn from it in what direction your abilities lie.

In SHORT STORIES the complete stories and the serial are by the best writers only. One penny, every Tuesday.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.

REPLIES.

A SLIPPERY PLACE.

Why is Ice Slippery? (6628.)

There are four properties of ice which combine to give it the slippery surface so dear to the skater.

The impenetrability of ice due to its hardness, and its smoothness due to its fine grain and manner of crystallising, produce a surface over which a body can pass with very little friction. Next, owing to its slight adhesive properties, it does not tend to cling to objects, so as to impede their passage.

But the principal reason for the slipperiness of ice is that it changes its physical condition under slight pressure. Under ordinary conditions any body exerting pressure on ice fuses or melts that part with which it comes into immediate contact, thus causing a layer of water between the object and the ice, which acts as a lubricant, and reduces friction to a minimum. Every boy knows how much more easily boots will slip on wet ice than on dry. One is lubricated, the other is not.

Ice, then, is hard, smooth, non-adhesive, and well lubricated, and hence is slippery.

ON HOW MANY TOES?

Which Animal in Prehistoric Times had More Toes than it has Now? (6626.)

The horse. Its oldest known ancestor (*Phenacodus*) was no bigger than a large dog, and lived on swampy ground. It had five toes on each extremity, and walked like a bear, on the soles of its feet.

As time went on, the descendants of creatures like this migrated to firmer ground, and became adapted to swift progression. The toes diminished in number, the limbs became longer, and the teeth more complicated. There was at the same time a gradual increase in size, and rapid movement was furthered by the acquisition of a tip-toe position. Herds of three-toed horses (*Hipparion*) lived on the grassy plains of Europe and North America in the geological period preceding our own.

Modern horses have retained only the middle toe, but on either side of this there is a slender "splint-bone" under the skin, which is a vestige of a lost digit.

Another good example is the camel, which is now only two-toed, but it can be traced back to five-toed ancestors much like those from which horses have descended.

SOUND WITHOUT AIR.

Can Sound be Obtained without Air? (6627.)

Yes; if some elastic medium be interposed between the ear and the body that emits the sound, but sound cannot be transmitted through a perfect vacuum. Hawkesby proved that if the space between the sounding body and the ear be exhausted of air, no sound will be audible.

Any medium, however—gaseous, liquid, or solid—will, if elastic, transmit sound waves. Franklin, for instance, having plunged his head under water, caused two stones to be struck together beneath the surface, and at a distance of half a mile heard the blows distinctly. Colladon, another investigator, heard the sound of a bell struck under water, in the lake of Geneva, at a distance of nine miles.

It is well known that wood transmits sound in a remarkable manner. A person at one end of a wooden beam will hear a pin-scratch made at the other end, though the person making it may hear no sound at all. This fact is sometimes employed as a test of the soundness of the beam, for the experiment will fail if the intervening wood be rotten.

"VALLEYS SHALL BE EXALTED."

Which British Mountain Summits were Once Valleys? (6628.)

Amongst the most curious instances of this is the recently discovered occurrence, in the structure of the Pentland Hills, in Lothian, of what is known technically as the "Radiolarian Chert." This is a rock consisting largely of microscopic shells of Radiolaria, similar to Barbadoes earth, the only deposits of which now known to be in course of formation are at the bottom of the ocean, in depths exceeding 12,000 feet. The natural deduction is that the Pentland Hills must at one time have been submarine valleys.

Lyell has pointed out other similar cases, such as the mountains of Arran, which he supposes to have been thrust up bodily through sandstone and conglomerate lying at or below sea level; whilst Murchison ascribes a like origin to the Malvern Hills. The summit of the Sidlaw Hills, forming a spur of the Grampians, comprises a valley evidently carried upwards by side pressure at some early epoch, whilst near Airdrie, in Lanarkshire, drift shells are found 560 feet above the present sea coast.

SIMPLE LANGUAGES.

Which Modern Language is Least Irregular? (6629.)

This characteristic has been claimed for Turkish for its freedom from inflection and other complications, and for Italian, which, in its colloquial form, may be admitted to be the most liquid and flowing, in respect to sound merely, of all existing tongues. But, grammatically, it derives from Latin the irregularities which led Heine to describe the latter as "an attorney language for usurers; a lapidary language for the stone-hard people of Rome."

In the widest sense probably Chinese is least irregular, because of its comprehensiveness. There are no attempts to make one word or phrase serve two or more purposes, and there is an adaptation of sound to sense such as cannot be paralleled elsewhere, unless possibly in Hebrew. It contains, moreover, dialects suitable to varying circumstances. Thus a Chinese play may comprise scenes in the *kou-wen* or antique style, the *siao-choue* or familiar style, and the *hiang-tan*, where low comedy is introduced into the play. All this, of course, is so complicated as to be clumsy, but it provides a suitable word for everything, and thus avoids the irregular overlappings so familiar in English.

THE ACANTHUS IN ARCHITECTURE.

How did the Acanthus Become a Feature in Architecture? (6631.)

Vitruvius, a Roman architect and engineer, who flourished in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, tells the following story:

Callimachus, a Corinthian architect, was one day sitting, lost in thought, in a burial place just outside the city, when his attention was drawn to the tomb of a Corinthian maiden of humble birth. The friends of the child had placed on her grave a basket of her toys, and this, covered with a tile to keep out the rain, was placed over an acanthus root.

The leaves of the plant had closely surrounded the basket until they reached the tile, when they had curved outwards and downwards very gracefully. This so struck the fancy of Callimachus that he set about imitating the figure. His attempts eventually resulted in the invention of the Corinthian style, in which the vase of the capital represents the basket, the abacus the tile, and the volutes the bending leaves.

The era of Callimachus is uncertain, but as the Corinthian column was used by Scopas, the architect of the Temple of Athena Alea at Tegea about 394 B.C., he must have lived before that time.

CARRIER PIGEONS IN OLDEN DAYS.

Were Carrier Pigeons Used in Ancient Times? (6632.)

From the earliest dawn of history the dove or pigeon has been associated with messages, and its employment in that capacity has been developed successively by Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Mussulmans, and Christians. Diodorus Siculus mentions the carriage of letters by them, so do Anacreon and Pliny. Tradition says that a victor at the Olympian games used a pigeon to carry the tidings to his home. The pigeons of Aleppo were the couriers at Alexandretta and Bagdad.

Perhaps the most interesting and certain evidence of their use in old times is a piece of sculpture shown in "Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians." The King is represented as having assumed the double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt, whilst a priest is letting loose four pigeons, with messages concerning the coronation of King Rameses III., to go north, south, east, and west of the kingdom.

In the fifteenth century pigeons were employed successfully as messengers in times of war.

ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.

Does Atmospheric Pressure Affect the Level of the Ground? (6630.)

Mr. G. Darwin has shown, by a very exhaustive series of experiments, that the result of the variations of barometric pressure on a yielding body like the earth must be to produce corresponding variations in the level of the ground.

A rise of the barometer over a given area, as he points out, means an increased weight of atmosphere upon it, and he calculates that the rise of an inch in the barometer over Australia is enough to sink that continent two or three inches.

On the other hand, a fall of an inch means the removal of this extra load, and the consequent rise of the crust, by virtue of its elasticity, to its old level, proving that those "tips of the soil" are connected with variations of atmospheric pressure.

VITALITY OF SEEDS.

Which Seed Retains Vitality for the Longest Time? (6633.)

Grains of wheat and of peas found in Egyptian tombs, where they must have lain for from 3,000 to 4,000 years, have been planted in this country, and have duly germinated. Both the air and the earth of the Nile valley are peculiarly favourable to the preservation of vegetable vitality in this form, and an even more curious case is that of the raspberry seeds recovered by Dr. Lindley from Celtic tumuli, probably 2,000 years old, and sown in Chiswick Gardens, where they grew up, and where their descendants are still to be seen.

Of some seeds the vitality has really never been gauged. Thus, in Gloucestershire, where foreign wool is washed and worked, plants from the Cape and South America grow, and sometimes flower, having been imported with the wool. So, too, at Montpellier, in France, botanists have been enabled to study the flora of the Argentine and Mexico by means of the products of seeds brought over in fleeces, which have propagated themselves in spite of the treatment to which they have been subjected. Such seeds may, indeed, be said to be indestructible.

A NATURAL WEATHER-VANE.

What Bird has been Used as a Weather-Vane Indoors? (6636.)

It was an old belief that if the preserved body of a halcyon, or kingfisher, were suspended by a thread from the ceiling, its bill would always turn towards the quarter whence the wind was blowing.

Thus Barabas, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, says:

> But now how stands the wind?
> Into what quarter peeps my halcyon's bill?
> Ha! to the East? Yes.

Shakespeare also alludes to it in *King Lear* when Kent, in his reply to Cornwall, rebukes those who

> turn their halcyon's beaks
> With every gale and vary of their masters.

In more modern days a stuffed kingfisher has been seen hanging from the beam of a cottage ceiling at Botley, near Southampton, and in other places of that neighbourhood, where there is a kindred belief that if a dead kingfisher is hung up by its beak, its breast will turn with the ebb and flow of the tide.

QUESTIONS.

6661. How does the sense of hearing indicate the direction of sound?
6662. What is the "Book of the Dead"?
6663. Who was the first Englishman to reach India?
6664. When were surgical operations first performed?
6665. When do we first hear of "Mrs. Grundy"?
6666. What were the meals of our ancestors?
6667. What is a "Seaside Mayor"?
6668. When did a comma doom a king to death?
6669. What animals have there been that could not be classified in any of the present zoological groups?
6670. What is the origin of the word "Hurrah"?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print a selection of replies to each question, and shall pay at the rate of £2 2s. a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

"DARLING, I can never forget you."

"Nonsense! You did it on my last birthday without any trouble."

FRIEND: "I hear that Mr. Boaster, the oldest inhabitant, is sick."

Doctor: "He is, and I fear that I can do nothing for him. He cannot remember a summer to match this one, and he seems to have lost all interest in life."

FIRST MARRIED MAN: "Women are frightful gossipers, aren't they?"

Second Married Man: "Yes; but just think what a lot of entertaining information one would miss concerning the neighbours were they otherwise."

HOSTESS (who has made unusual preparations for a fine dinner): "I tell John that if he will bring people home unexpectedly to dinner, they must take just what we have."

Guest (wishing to put her at ease): "Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Bluffer. I'm an old traveller; used to roughing it now and then, you know."

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R. J. PAULL, General Manager and Secretary.

Are you going away for your holidays? You must not go without the August seaside number of the ROYAL MAGAZINE.

The "Coopers" of the North Sea.

They Look Like Fishing Smacks, but Never Catch Fish.

And Many Accidents are Attributable to them.

THE floating population of the North Sea fisheries averages about 40,000, and though steam has given the means of frequent return to port to a majority of these fishermen, there are yet very many sailing smacks which spend weeks at a time out of sight of land, sending their catch home to market by the fish-carrying steamers.

It is, nominally, to supply stores to these smacks that the North Sea floating shops, or "coopers," as they are generally called, are fitted out. These generally hail from some Dutch port, and those few that do a legitimate trade in bread and groceries are most useful.

The worst of it is that the grocery business is not half so profitable as running a floating grog and tobacco shop. In consequence nearly all these ship shops are in reality nothing else but floating public-houses which

sell cheap tobacco and worse liquor.

"Coopers" look just like ordinary smacks, and even carry nets in order to deceive the police boats. But they rarely trouble to catch fish, even for their own use. Their skippers, who are some of the worst scoundrels afloat, know perfectly well that they can always find plenty of men who will barter not only their money, but their catch, their clothes, and even their gear for a few dozen of the cheap and fiery Hollands, of which they carry a big supply in their holds.

Of course they pay no duty, so can easily afford to sell the unspeakable stuff at a penny a glass, and make a good profit at that price. Some of them even have their cabins fitted up with regular bars.

At night they anchor among a fleet, and dozens of men who come aboard to drink and sing. Often, when the time comes for them to get back to their own vessels, they are utterly incapable of handling an oar, and many a life is lost every year through dinghies upsetting and

drowning all their crews.

Two years ago, a smack from Scheveningen was picked up practically derelict, with only a boy of fifteen, the skipper's son, aboard her. All the rest had gone aboard a "cooper," and coming back, had been upset and drowned within a stone's throw of their smack. The boy had stood on deck and listened to their cries of despair, quite unable to help them.

Every year five or six Yarmouth and Lowestoft boats come home minus their trawl ropes and bridles, and sometimes with a net gone. The story to the owners is of a storm which caught them unprepared. But the owners know too well that their property is probably lying at that moment in some Jew's shop at Nieuwe Diep. The "coopers" will take anything in exchange for liquor, but actually prefer fish and ships' stores to money. They have always a ready sale for good British gear in Dutch ports.

Revenue cutters are always on the look-out for "coopers." But the skippers of the latter are extremely sharp,

and very difficult to catch.

But H.M. Revenue cutter *Bear* was lucky enough in April last to catch two Dutch "coopers," the *Rebecca* and the *Nordstea*. Six of the men were up at Lowestoft, and heavily fined, and all the great stores of liquor and tobacco aboard them were confiscated.

Just the same sort of thing goes on among the Newfoundland cod fleets, only there the "coopers" are much bigger vessels, and ply their trade more fearlessly, as Newfoundland does not provide much in the way of police boats.

The worst—or best—foes of the "coopers" are the mission boats. The crews of the latter think nothing of taking the law into their own hands, and thrashing these pests of the sea until they are glad to clear out—undoubtedly the very best way to treat such gentlemen.

The third great centre for sea shops is the South Pacific. Ocean pedlars for this part of the world usually fit out at Hamburg. They are schooners of two to six hundred tons. Their cargo is cotton fabrics, arms, ammunition, liquor, and trinkets, and they invariably fill up every spare corner with coal.

Of course, the ammunition is most carefully concealed, labelled "Pianos" or "Corned Beef," while the rifles go as "Glass, with care." Their happy hunting ground is among the islands of the South Pacific, where they sell their arms and liquor to the islanders, and give endless trouble to the authorities. A South American revolution is a godsend to them, for they get a chance of selling their cheap rifles at five or six times their cost price.

But their greatest haul is when they meet a tramp steamer which has run out of coal. After one of the long gales of the Southern Ocean, this is a frequent case. A pedlar has been known to dispose of a hundred tons of coal to a ship in distress of this kind, at £8 a ton. A case has even occurred of a Brazilian man-of-war, sent out with a special mission to keep an eye on contraband trade, being forced to fall back on the coal supply of one of the very vessels it was in search of, and pay a long price for it, besides having to give an assurance of the cooper's safety.

FULL MARKS.

The higher culture she ignores;
She laughs at Latin and at Greek,
On Physic too her scorn she pours,
Her Botany is rather weak.

Astronomy is wearisome,
She studies not the starry vault;
Geology is martyrdom,
Her Logic is oft-times at fault.

Ancient Philosophy, and tales
Of misty mythologic lore
Which early history scarce unveils,
She leaves to others to explore.

But, oh! she has a kindling eye,
Her touch would make a statue feel;
Moreover, she can make a pie,
And knows the way to cook a meal.

Full marks I therefore give her now,
She shall not rest upon the shelf;
And, like a bold examiner,
I'll try to win her for myself.

SHE HAD NOTICED.

HE was talking to the pessimistic, sharp-tongued damsel.

"Have you noticed," he asked, "that, as a rule, bachelors are wealthier than married men?"

"I have," she replied.

"How do you account for it?" he inquired.

"The poor man marries and the rich one doesn't," she answered. "A man is much more disposed to divide nothing with a woman than he is to divide something, you know."

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THEY had looked soulfully into each other's eyes for some time, but somehow he didn't seem to come to the point. Then suddenly he made a discovery.

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She felt that the time had come to play her trump card.

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Son: "Why, yes, father; I had to drink it occasionally. All the other students did."

Indulgent Father: "Waiter, two beers!"

OLD LADY: "Then you are not married?"

Modern Miss: "No, indeed. I am one of the bachelor girls you hear about so much nowadays—have a profession, rooms of my own, and dine at the club, you know."

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The card was in reality a block of the rarest black marble, beautifully painted on by a celebrated French artist in compliment to the President, whilst the actual list of dishes was lettered in ivory.

The Austrian Emperor regards this menu card as the prize of his collection, which includes the cards of nearly every Royal table in the world.

The Shah of Persia has a very celebrated collection of pipes, and during his visit to this country last year received from the Prince of Wales a valuable addition to it. This pipe is made out of one piece of pure amber, without any decoration whatsoever, and was accompanied by an ivory case, bearing the name of the Imperial recipient and the date of his visit in gold letters.

The German Emperor has a most wonderful collection of sticks of all shapes and cut in every part of the world.

There is a thick club of Oregon pine weighing some fifteen stone, and so hard that if placed in a red-hot furnace for a few minutes it would come forth unharmed.

There is also to be seen a thin cane cut from a sort of willow tree in Liberia, which can be twisted round the wrist like a piece of gutta-percha, but will become as straight as a dart when released.

Irishmen will see their native blackthorn represented in this Imperial collection side by side with a short, stumpy, yellow-looking cane, said to be 3,000 years old, and worth nearly as many pounds.

Royalties, of course, find it easier to indulge in the collecting hobby than ordinary individuals. When a King or Prince is known to be a collector, he is constantly being sent presents from persons all over the world for his collection. An Indian Prince once wrote to His Majesty, when Prince of Wales, saying that he was about to send him a magnificent spotted tiger, being somehow under the impression that His Majesty had a special herd of such pets at his home in England

The King at once wired to thank the Prince for his kindness and courtesy, but said that tigers could not live in England for an hour, and therefore asked him not to send on the animal. Fortunately the telegram reached the Indian Prince before he had sent the tiger, otherwise His Majesty would have been the recipient of a very awkward present.

The King of Denmark had a very valuable collection of birds' eggs, which included specimens of nearly every bird's egg in existence, and took years to get together.

The collection was sold some years ago in aid of some charitable objects, and passed into various hands. It is said to have fetched £15,000.

TO STAMP COLLECTORS.

THOUGH stamp collecting is an instructive hobby and a good occupation for spare time, it does not do to forsake other things just to gratify your desire to make as good a collection of stamps as possible. You must remember that there are other things in the world, and those who wish to get on should persevere and try their utmost. It is almost impossible to succeed unless you know for what you are adapted. Do you know for what you are adapted? If not you should send a specimen of your handwriting, together with six penny stamps and a stamped, addressed envelope, to RAMEN, 32 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., in return for which you will receive a delineation of your character. If you study it well you can learn from it in what direction your abilities lie.

In SHORT STORIES the complete stories and the serial are by the best writers only. One penny, every Tuesday.

New Rocherville Gardens.

Rocherville Gardens are to be reopened as a pleasure resort. The grounds have been acquired by a new company, and workmen are engaged hurrying on the necessary preparations, so that the reopening may, if possible, take place this season.

Tommy's Congratulations.

Reggie: "Tommy, do you know I'm going to marry your sister!" Tommy: "Then, I think I'll go and congratulate mother."

Cat Routed by Birds.

A cat which attempted to raid a blackbird's nest at Wellington was attacked by a dozen birds and severely dealt with, being compelled to beat a retreat.

Youthful Conspirators.

Several Polish schoolboys at a German gymnasium have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment from six weeks downward for belonging to a secret society.

A Hot Drink.

Dyspepsia was returned as the cause of death at Bolton of a negro who had gained a living by "drinking boiling lead and putting a hot poker down his throat."

Heroes Mayn't Sell their V.C.'s.

In future any holder of the V.C. who sells it or loses it and cannot give a satisfactory explanation of his loss will be liable to be deprived of the annuity which accompanies it.

His Last Theft.

A Chinese thief was attacked by cholera the other day at Singapore as he was leaving a house he had burgled. He was found in the grounds and taken to hospital, where he died soon after.

Porpoises or Torpedo Catcher?

A shoal of porpoises, mistaken in the moonlight for a torpedo-catcher, drew a brisk cannonade the other night from one of the Dardanelles forts, causing much alarm in the neighbourhood.

The Professor's Umbrella.

When cut off by flames in the third storey of a building in Rochester, U.S., which had caught fire, Professor Allen seized his umbrella, and, using it as a parachute, descended safely to the ground.

A Demonstrative Mouth.

Edith Baker recently recovered £33 in the Westminster County Court from a firm of dentists who supplied her with a set of teeth that did not fit. A model of her mouth was exhibited in court, and the bad fit thereby demonstrated.

An Awkward Position.

In the police-court recently the magistrate asked the witness: "Why didn't you go to the help of the complainant in the fight?" To which the witness replied: "I didn't know which one of them was going to be the complainant."

Don't Toss Your Head.

While combing her hair before a mirror, Marie Prudhomme, of Cirey, France, tossed her head back to wave aside her locks with such force that she broke her neck. The spinal cord was severed, and she died almost immediately.

Degrees by Wire.

After undergoing a severe oral examination over the telephone, Percival Ramler, an engineer, of St. Louis, U.S., had a degree conferred upon him by Purdue University. He was unable to reach the examination room on account of floods.

A Treasure of Sovereigns.

It is reported that a recent earthquake in Australia so shook up the root of a tree that 105 sovereigns were tumbled out. They are supposed to have been hidden by a miserly person who lived in the locality a number of years since.

Remember the Stamps.

Experience having taught the German Post Office that a great proportion of the pictorial post-cards posted bear neither address nor stamps, the Postmaster-General has ordered a notice to be put on the pillar-boxes: "Don't forget address and stamps."

That Cat Again.

When the cashregister showed an entry of £5 10s. 2½d., and there was no money to show for it, Henry C. Black, a Kansas clerk, was accused of theft. He declared his innocence, but was dismissed. On the following day it was found that the cat had jumped on to the machine.

Mule Made them Strike.

A big mule in the Black Creek (U.S.A.) coal mines has caused a strike which threw 600 men out of work, and cost £4,000 in wages. The mule got bad tempered in the mine one day, and his driver beat him, for which he was discharged. Then all the men in the mine struck.

The Bishop and the Widow.

According to a contemporary, a bishop who is widely known for his sympathetic and kindly nature, having occasion recently to call upon a widow on some church matter, and finding her deeply distressed at her loneliness, ventured, as he was quite entitled to do, to offer a few words of fatherly consolation. "You must not," he said, "let the cast down by your sorrow and lonely position. Remember the maxim, 'Man proposes, but——'" "Ah, my lord," interrupted the lady, "if man only would." It is not mentioned whether the Bishop was a bachelor or not.

A Sunken Gun.

In deepening the harbour of Yarmouth a dredger recently brought up an old 10lb. cannon.

Fortunes for Finders.

It is estimated that £80,000,000 of British treasure lie sunk along the route from England to India.

The Solacing Cigarette.

In a field near Woodford a man was seen during the recent floods calmly walking about up to his neck in water smoking a cigarette.

Stole the Policeman's Boots.

In a Singapore police-court waiting-room, an officer went to sleep, and on awakening he found that his shoes had been stolen by a shoeless thief.

Where are the Beardless?

An inquiry is being made by the Secretary for War as to the reported deficiency of sixty-two beardless caps in the 3rd Battalion Scots Guards.

Pickpockets' Warning.

A detective says that lifting the hat and touching the ear is a signal among London pickpockets that a constable in plain clothes is near.

England's Largest Parish Church.

The largest parish church in England is that of St. Nicholas, Great Yarmouth. Thirty thousand pounds has just been spent on its restoration.

Another New Word.

In future sight-testing opticians are to be known as "optologists." The British Optical Association bears the responsibility of creating the new word.

Tramps' Parliament.

The American tramps have just held their annual congress at Montrose, near New York. Four hundred delegates, representing 150,000 tramps, attended.

French Waterloo Memorial.

The French monument which is to be erected on the field of Waterloo is now complete. It consists of an immense eagle mounted on a granite pedestal.

Germans Like English Pipes.

Owing to the increasing favour with which the English pipe and tobacco are regarded in Germany, Baden cigar-makers experienced a falling off of trade last year.

Where Bank Notes Go Begging.

Despite a notice offering a handsome reward for their recovery, three £5 notes lay in a Tiverton street for thirty hours. They were very wet and discoloured when picked up.

Whale in a Net.

A small whale recently became entangled in nets off Dungeness. Fishermen made an attempt to capture the animal, which escaped after doing considerable damage to the nets.

Society Cat Hunt.

The latest Society sport in Rome is cat-hunting over the roofs of houses during the night. A club has been duly formed by the devotees of this sport. The people generally have not taken kindly to it.

Anarchist's Library.

An anarchist who died recently, left a library. It has been purchased for £20 by the Columbia University. Among its "treasures" is the death warrant forecasting the assassination of President Carnot.

Milkman's Defence.

A man who was charged for selling milk containing 6 per cent. of water gave as his defence that "it was raining hard, and the sample was taken in the middle of the street." The summons was dismissed.

Held Up by Mosquitoes.

While Henry Olney was driving a tram through the streets of New Brunswick, New Jersey, a swarm of mosquitoes settled on his face. For twenty minutes the car was stopped until he had beaten off his assailants.

Panic-striking Sparrows.

Henry Hunter sneezed so loudly in the streets of St. Paul, Minnesota, that two horses attached to a carriage took fright and ran away. A courageous policeman stopped them before any harm had come to the occupants.

Pigeon and Rat Fight.

A combat was witnessed in the Nottingham face market between a rat and a pigeon. The rat attacked the bird in a ventilator near the top of a building fifty-five feet from the ground. There was a vigorous contest for some time until the pigeon fluttered to the edge of the ventilator and fell into the street, carrying the rat with it. The pigeon was nearly dead when picked up, but the rat darted off along the street, only, however, to be killed by one of the witnesses of the incident.

News for Smokers.

The ills that arise from excessive use of tobacco are to be combated in a new manner, which will have the advantage of not curtailing the quantity indulged in. A German chemist treats the raw leaf with tannic acid, which, he has found, makes a harmless compound with nicotine. A separate process, entailing the use of marjoram, restores the flavour. The inventor tested the innocuousness of this product on sundry small wild animals, and henceforth no one need be careful of his daily allowance of cigarettes.

A Greenland Millionaire.

Mr. Kow-Ko-Ka, who has monopolised all the commerce of East Baffinsland, is Pierpont Morgan on a small scale. He has a fleet of fourteen vessels, and his fortune is valued at £3,500, which is equal to a million in a less simple community. His luxury stupefies the simple Greenlander. He even lives in a wooden house, and possesses a little shed a paraffin lamp. Kow-Ko-Ka recently celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the foundation of his business, and each employee was given a glass of cod liver oil with which to drink the health of his employer.

PERSONAL PARS.

PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG is an adept in the delicate art of illuminating.

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE's first accepted story was written by him at the age of nineteen and brought him three guineas.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE's idea concerning the chief necessity of life is "Hard Work!" That was the reply he gave to a question on the subject.

GENERAL BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, is a strict vegetarian; he eats neither fish, fowl, nor eggs. His diet consists of cereals, and he often fasts for three consecutive days on rice.

QUEEN WILHELMINA's consort, Prince Henry, enjoys the interest of the sum of one million sterling, settled on him by his wife. He can do as he likes with the interest, but he must not touch the capital.

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, owner of the famous collection, possesses photographs of all interior parts of the mines, as well as elaborate maps of the workings. He takes the greatest interest in the mines.

COUNT TOLSTOI's handwriting is a terror to printers; it requires some apprenticeship to decipher. He writes his stories two or three times over, occasionally altering whole pages after the story has been set up in type.

SIR HIRAM MAXIM was not brought up as an engineer; like so many other clever persons, he began life in an unsuitable vocation, and had to find his true sphere afterwards. He was apprenticed to a carriage builder and decorator.

ONE of the most honoured guests of the ex-Empress Eugénie is Sir Evelyn Wood. This friendship dates from the time when the gallant soldier accompanied her Majesty to Zululand to see the place where the Prince Imperial was killed.

FOR a few days prior to her appearance in a new part, Miss Ellen Terry finds it necessary to take long drives in the country in order to tranquillise her nerves. In spite of her experience, she cannot wholly free herself from stage fright.

AT Newlyn, the Cornish village of fishermen and artists two of the most notable figures are Mr. Stanhope Forbes A.R.A., and his clever wife. She is almost as good an artist as he; they may often be seen painting, cycling, gardening, or fishing together.

THE KING OF ITALY is an enthusiastic electrician and a successful experimenter with the X-rays. He has outgrown the physical weakness of his younger days, and is now full of energy. He wears his hair closely cut, and alertness is stamped on every lineament.

THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL, who is one of the best dressed women in Europe, studied medicine and qualified for a medical certificate in order to take care of her husband's health; he is inclined to dropsy. Queen Amelia was born at Twickenham, so she may be called a Londoner.

KING EDWARD VII. is very fond of pigeon racing, and has participated actively in it. He won the Pigeon Derby three or four years ago. The commencement of the formation of a "stud" of pigeons was made when the King of the Belgians gave him some fine specimens of the racing pigeon.

It seems incredible that Sir Henry Irving should be able to say that on one occasion he found himself without a single auditor. Yet this occurred once in a Scottish town where he was advertised to give a reading of "The Lady of Lyons"; not a single person appeared to listen to him.

PRESIDENT LOUBET's relatives are embarrassed by the high position occupied by Emile Loubet. They are humble folk, and the reflected glory is inconvenient; they further suffer from the importunities of office-seekers who worry them—"for friendship's sake"—to whisper in the President's ear on their behalf.

MR. W. S. GILBERT, the playwright, has no very joyful remembrance of his four years' career at the Bar; in that period he did not have more than a dozen briefs, some of which were purely honorary. A French client kissed him on both cheeks before a full Court, but that was the only remuneration he paid to his advocate.

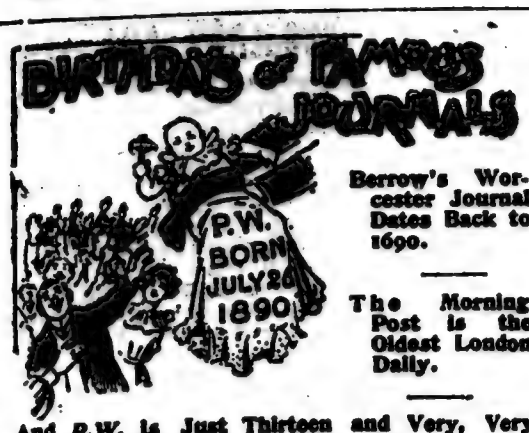
THE KING OF THE HELLENES, second brother of our own Queen, usually spends his holiday on a farm, where he ploughs and toils early and late like an ordinary tiller of the soil. All the children of the King of Denmark were taught some trade or occupation by which they could earn a living, until Prince George (as he was then) was trained as a farmer.

LORD KELVIN, who was formerly known as Sir William Thomson, often becomes so absorbed in his scientific researches that he forgets to present himself at table at the proper times. He used to be taken to task for his late appearance by a favourite parrot, nicknamed Dr. Rodtail, which was wont to salute him with the reproach: "Late again, Sir William!"

WITH one exception, the sovereigns of Europe are musical, even if not instrumentalists themselves; this exception is the Queen of Holland, who dislikes music. If the Sultan may be included as a European ruler, he is no exception, for he likes martial music, and often improvises on a large organ specially fitted up in one of his private rooms. The Shah of Persia will not allow any composition to be played within his dominions if he himself does not like it.

PADEREWSKI was once somewhat annoyed by the statement of a Polish friend that no one could compose simple yet beautiful music like that of Mozart. The next time he visited the friend in question, he played a piece which, he said, had recently been discovered among some old papers that had belonged to Mozart; the friend was delighted and repeated the former statement. Thereupon Paderewski admitted and confounded him by saying: "I composed that!"

"The Delights of a Dip," by Reginald Maingay, see the August seaside number of the ROYAL MAGAZINE.



Berrow's Worcester Journal Dates Back to 1690.

The Morning Post is the Oldest London Daily.

And *P.W.* is Just Thirteen and Very, Very Healthy, Thank you.

THE patriarch of the London Press is the MORNING POST, whose first birthday dates from 1772. On June 27th, 1881, it inaugurated another kind of birthday, by reducing its price from threepence to a penny; a well-advised step, which sent its circulation up one thousand per cent. in the course of a few months.

For thirteen years following its first appearance the POST had the field to itself. Then, on January 1st, 1785, there appeared the DAILY UNIVERSAL REGISTER, a small sheet printed "logographically." Three years later this "logographic," or "word-printing" process, was discontinued, and at the same time the paper was re-christened the TIMES.

In 1794 the MORNING ADVERTISER appeared, ostensibly as the rival of the MORNING POST, which journal it hit so hard that, in the year following, it was sold for £600, together with its advertising goodwill, its circulation of 300 copies, and its office

furniture and printing press.

Exactly half a century then elapsed without there being born in London a single morning daily newspaper that has lasted till our times. But at the end of that period the DAILY NEWS came into being; to be followed, in 1855, by the CHRONICLE and the TELEGRAPH.

The last-named was brought out as a twopenny paper by a gentleman named Sleigh on June 29th, 1855. Soon afterwards he found himself in pecuniary straits, and in satisfaction of a printing debt of a few score pounds transferred the new journal to Mr. Joseph Moses Levy, who reduced the price by one half, making it the first penny newspaper produced in London.

Two years later to the very day—June 29th, 1857—the STANDARD, which had existed as a fourpenny evening journal for exactly thirty years previously, came out as an eight-page twopenny morning, and the tale of the big leading dailies of the last generation was complete. Eighty-five years had elapsed since the

first appearance of the Morning Post.

Again there was an hiatus of some thirty odd years, at the end of which came that novelty in British journalism, an illustrated morning newspaper. This was, of course, the DAILY GRAPHIC, the first number of which saw the light on January 4th, 1890. In the Spring of 1892 appeared the first halfpenny morning newspaper, the MORNING, followed the very next day by the MORNING LEADER, an offshoot from the STAR.

The DAILY MAIL, published at the same low price, startled the newspaper-reading public in 1896. Four years later came the EXPRESS. Both these journals aimed at furnishing their patrons with a news service which should be at least equal to that supplied by their higher-priced predecessors.

Among evening newspapers now in existence, the GLOBE takes easy precedence on the score of age, it having been born exactly a century ago. The first number of the PALL MALL GAZETTE was issued from Salisbury Street, Strand, on February 7th, 1865. In 1880 its rival, the ST. JAMES'S (recently purchased by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson), put in an appearance. And, thirteen years afterwards, yet a third paper of the same type, the WESTMINSTER GAZETTE, was born under

exceptionally curious circumstances.

The PALL MALL having been purchased by Mr. William Waldorf Astor, the American multi-millionaire, who announced his intention of turning it from a Liberal organ into a Conservative one, the entire staff, including the editor, Mr. E. T. Cook, resigned. The opportunity thus afforded of securing journalistic talent *en bloc* was seized by Mr. (now Sir) George Newnes, and the WESTMINSTER was the result.

In 1868 appeared the ECHO, the first of the present-day evening papers to be issued at a halfpenny. It was founded by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, and had for its first editor Mr. (afterwards Sir) Arthur Arnold. It had the field to itself until 1881, when the EVENING NEWS was brought out.

This latter venture resulted disastrously for its originators. It is said that in thirteen years the paper had absorbed the enormous sum of £298,000 in solid cash, besides being heavily in debt, while its shares could be had at threepence apiece. In August, 1894, however, it was bought by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth for £25,000, and at once entered upon a career of unexampled prosperity.

In 1888 the STAR appeared; and 1893 saw the inauguration of the SUN, both being edited by Mr. T. P. O'Connor.

Meantime the year 1881 had witnessed the advent of a journal of an altogether new type, the popular TIT-BITS. It "caught on" like wildfire, and its success soon brought a host of rivals into the field. Some three hundred of them "fizzled out" after a more or less brief career, but among those that succeeded were CASSELL'S SATURDAY JOURNAL, born in 1883; ANSWERS, begun in 1888 in a tiny back room in Paternoster Square and printed at Coventry; and last, but not least, in 1890, "yours truly *P.W.*," whose thirteenth birthday we are celebrating this week, and in honour of whom this article is written.

An off-shoot from this class of journal was the penny popular ladies' paper, the first example of which, HOME NOTES, was issued by ourselves in 1894, to be imitated during the ensuing year by HOME CHAT and WOMAN'S LIFE from the offices of Messrs. Harmsworth and Newnes respectively.

Among London weekly newspapers—excluding the official GAZETTE, which dates from 1665—the OBSERVER is easily first, having been born in 1792. It was a big success almost from the very beginning; a circumstance largely accounted for by the fact of its having had the field to itself for the

first half-century of its existence.

Then, in September, 1842, came LLOYD'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, the first journal to adopt the now familiar plan of advertising itself by all sorts of queer dodges and devices. Amongst other ideas, its proprietor hit upon the happy one of embossing upon all the pennies he could get hold of the name and price of his paper. The TIMES drew attention to this defacement of the coinage, and most of the other dailies followed suit; thereby, of course, increasing the value of the advertisement by many thousandfold.

The resultant success was terrific, and, as usual, it induced other competitors to start on similar lines. The WEEKLY TIMES AND ECHO came into being in 1847. REYNOLDS' WEEKLY NEWSPAPER dates from May, 1850. THE PEOPLE, conducted by Mr. Madge, of the GLOBE, was started in 1881. The SUNDAY SUN, now the WEEKLY SUN, was begun by T. P. O'Connor in 1891. The SUNDAY SPECIAL, an exclusively seventh day paper, came into being

exactly five years ago.

Among the literary weeklies, the ATHENÆUM can boast of a lifetime extending over three-quarters of a century, it having first seen the light in 1828. The ACADEMY, its principal rival, came out in 1869; and that quaint but interesting little periodical, NOTES AND QUERIES, was born in 1849.

The GUARDIAN, the organ of the Established Church, came into being in 1846. Its Nonconformist prototype, the immensely profitable CHRISTIAN WORLD, dates from 1857. The Roman Catholic LAMP was "lit" for the first time so far back as 1830, and is therefore—if we except the RECORD, born two years earlier—the patriarch of the religious Press. The CHURCH TIMES celebrated its premier birthday in 1863, the TABLET in 1868, and the METHODIST TIMES in 1885.

PUNCH, the evergreen, was born on the afternoon of July 17th, 1841; his consort, JUDY, in 1867; MOONSHINE in 1879.

The ERA, first of theatrical papers, came into being in 1837. The REFEREE dates from 1877, the year which saw TRUTH inaugurated. VANITY FAIR, the oldest of the "Society Journals," had then been

established nine years, and the "World" three.

Among the pictorial weeklies, the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS goes back to 1842, and the GRAPHIC to 1869. BLACK AND WHITE was born in 1891, and a year later the SKETCH came into being. The democratic little PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER is proud of its unbroken record, dating back to 1861. That fine property, the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS, was started in 1874. The SPHERE, the newest and most certainly not the least worthy of the group to which it belongs, first saw the light so recently as 1901, and is already an assured success.

And, lastly, there are the provincial papers, many of which date back to periods long antecedent to the establishment of the first of the London dailies.

The oldest of them is BERROW'S WORCESTER JOURNAL, said to have been issued so early as 1690, but which was probably first sold as a regular periodical in 1709.

The NOTTINGHAM WEEKLY EXPRESS dates from 1710, the LEEDS MERCURY from 1718, the READING MERCURY from 1737, the BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE from 1741, the SUSSEX ADVERTISER from 1745, the MANCHESTER JOURNAL from 1786, the BATH HERALD from 1792, and the HAMPSHIRE TELEGRAPH from 1799.

All these journals, it should be added, are still in existence, and most of them are flourishing exceedingly.

FIGHTING FIRE WITH GUNS.

Sand, Milk, Ammonia, and Cider are all Good Fire Extinguishers.

POUR water on burning oil, and you make matters so much the worse by merely spreading the flames. A year ago a spark from an engine fired an oil lake round a new gushing oil well on the Texas oil fields at Beaumont, and oil several feet deep over an area of seventy-five acres blazed to the skies. But 200 workmen with shovels succeeded, after desperate efforts, in piling earth and sand round the outlet of the well itself, and so saved it from destruction.

Sand is, indeed, by far the best agent for use in fighting oil fires. When in November, 1901, the supply depôt of the Standard Oil Company in New York caught fire, and rivers of blazing naphtha rushed down the streets, the firemen brought waggon loads of sand, and by building dams, confined the burning liquid into pools and finally extinguished it.

Instead of a water tank, some of the largest new buildings put up last year have been fitted with sand tanks, from which loose, dry sand can be automatically sifted to any part of the building. Sand will smother any fire, however hot, if a sufficient quantity is at hand.

In connection with oil fires, it is worth mentioning that milk is an excellent extinguisher for burning petroleum. It forms an emulsion with the oil, and so diminishes its inflammability.

In April last a bad railway accident took place near Portland, in Maine. The overturned trucks caught fire. Quite close to the scene of the accident stood a 6,000 gallon oil tank. Fearing that it would explode, the authorities decided to tap it and let the oil run out. As it was impossible to approach it, a one-pounder naval gun was brought into action and the tank riddled with holes. The oil escaped harmlessly, and the danger was averted.

At Savenay, in France, a terrible accident took place in the dry-cleaning room of a large laundry. A tank containing fifty gallons of that violently inflammable substance, gasoline, took fire, and instantly the whole interior of the room was a flaming furnace. The terrified women running out gave the news to an apothecary, whose shop was next door to the laundry. He seized a glass demijohn of liquid ammonia from a shelf, rushed into the laundry, and flung it into the flaming room. So completely was the fire extinguished that the firemen when they arrived found nothing left to do.

Aqua ammonia is, indeed, probably the very best of all fire extinguishers, but its fumes are so suffocating that it does not do to use it where there are people still left in the burning building.

Those little glass bombs for fire fighting which are kept hung up in large buildings are usually charged with a mixture which evolves carbonic acid gas. This is a heavy gas, which is so deadly to fire that even a piece of blazing phosphorus dropped into a flask of carbonic acid gas goes black in a second.

Mr. George Spencer not long ago read a paper before the Institution of Mining Engineers dealing with the use of this gas for extinguishing underground fires. Many lives have been saved in burning collieries by its prompt use. It is also excellent for extinguishing fires at sea, especially so because it does not damage cargo as salt water does.

Another gas which is absolutely deadly to fire is that known as sulphur dioxide. It has the additional advantage of being easily and cheaply generated. Some interesting experiments in the value of this gas as an anti-fire agent were recently concluded at one of His Majesty's dockyards. A long lighted torch was slowly inserted into a chamber containing some of this gas, and as it entered the fire was extinguished at the same rate of progression. Another experiment consisted in the placing in the gas chamber a bucket of naphtha, into which was thrust a broad, red-hot bar of iron. The result was similar to that of placing a red-hot iron in a bucket of water.

A system has been invented by which a certain proportion of this sulphur dioxide gas can be injected into the hold of a ship loaded with coal, and so absolutely safeguard her against that danger so dreaded by all captains and crews of colliers, spontaneous combustion.

Cotton is another of these cargoes which are desperately dangerous in long voyages from the risk of spontaneous combustion. The Danish steamer *Euxinia* arrived at Plymouth in July last with a cargo of cotton which had been afire for ten days. The ship had aboard, in addition to the cotton, a number of barrels of turpentine, which would of course explode so soon as the fire reached them. The only way in which she kept the conflagration under was by pumping immense quantities of steam from the boilers into the burning cargo.

Fires have before now been quenched by means of cider. Near Chalons, in France, in the year 1886, nearly 20,000 gallons of cider were used in putting out a fire which, starting in a rick-yard, threatened to destroy the whole of a large country house.

SHORT STORIES is just the paper to read on your holidays. One penny, every Tuesday.

Rockefeller Pitches Quoits and Plays Golf.

Polo Ponies are Mr. George Gould's Passion.

And Mr. Gates Delights in Poker.

£200,000 is the price which the richest man in the world is said to have offered to any doctor who would cure him of the dyspepsia to which he has been a martyr for nearly fifteen years past. And now he has suddenly announced that he has been cured without any doctor at all.

A little more than a year ago he fell a victim to the fascination of golf. At first he would not spare more than an hour a day from business to give to the game. But by degrees he got more and more interested until now he plays a full round, and very often two, every week-day. The result has been that he has regained his appetite, and is practically a new man.

The oil king is now spending several thousand pounds on making, at his place at Lakewood, a golf course, which, when finished, will probably form the finest private links in the world. Each green will have a hydrant, so that the turf may be perfect

even in the driest weather.

Until he took up golf, Mr Rockefeller's only game was pitching quoits. This he still plays occasionally, usually with his son, John D. Rockefeller (junior). This young man, heir to a fortune which is so great that it cannot be estimated within three millions sterling, has neither a yacht nor a racing stable, and plays neither billiards nor cards.

His only amusements are an early canter in the park before breakfast, swimming, skating, and an occasional game of football. At Brown University he very nearly succeeded in getting into the college football team.

Almost the only millionaire who has ever reached first-class rank in any game is Dwight F. Davis, who represented the United States in international lawn tennis in the year 1900.

He has given a magnificent silver cup worth 500 guineas for open competition. Davis was one of the pair who defeated the English champions three years ago. He uses his left arm for an overhand twist service, which is one of the most deadly things of its kind ever seen.

Mr. Carnegie has become a very keen golfer since he gave up the active management of the Homestead Steel Works, and may often be seen on various of the Scottish links

watching professionals play.

At Skibo, his estate in the Highlands, he has laid out a charming course. It will give some idea of the area of Skibo to mention that the course is six miles from Mr. Carnegie's private steamboat pier.

The finest stable of polo ponies in the world belongs to Mr. George Gould, eldest son and heir of the late railroad king Jay Gould. The stud would fetch £10,000 at any time if sold by auction, and the stable in which the ponies are housed cost at least £20,000.

On his private estate, which is known as Georgian Court, Mr Gould has no fewer than three polo fields, each level and green as the finest tennis court. A small army of thirty men is constantly employed in keeping these vast stretches of turf in perfect condition. While a game is in progress, half a dozen men are always busy with great wooden mallets endeavouring to obliterate, so far as possible, the marks

made by the galloping hoofs.

Twenty-four ponies comprise the stud. Each has a loose box fourteen feet square, and over each pony's head is its name in gold letters on a crimson shield. Monk, a small bay, is Mr. Gould's favourite mount. Other ponies are Scrambled Eggs, Tin, Chums, Brown Dick, Musie, and Featherstitch.

Once, when asked why he preferred polo to any other game, Mr. Gould replied that it required "an alert mind, a perfect eye, discriminating judgment, and incomparable horsemanship, a quartet of accomplishments of which any man might be proud."

Another millionaire polo player is Mr. Foxhall Keene, well known in that capacity and in racing circles on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan has sixty collies, a beautiful yacht, the *Corsair*, and is fond of art treasures and music. But for actual games he cares little. He plays a good hand at whist, and is said occasionally to indulge in a game of chess, but for outdoor games he cares little. As for games of chance, he detests them all without exception.

In this latter point he differs from another enormously wealthy man, Mr. Gates, of the Steel and Wire Trust. The joy of this millionaire's life is an evening of that most exciting of all gambling games, poker.

Wonderful stories are told of the enormous amounts of money lost and won by this wealthy gambler. It is well known that on one occasion £140,000 changed hands in a single night in a game in which Mr. Gates took part. This is probably a record sum to be lost or won in a single game of cards. Mr. Gates also likes a plunge on a horse-race. When Mr. John Drake's Royal Flush came in first in the Goodwood Cup, Mr. Gates' winnings on this one race amounted to £100,000.

Yachting is usually supposed to absorb all the superfluous energies of Sir Thomas Lipton. But Sir Thomas is a good all-round man, and excels in other lines as well as sailing.

Though he only took up billiards comparatively late in life, he plays a very good game. A certain professional billiard player tells a story that he once gave Sir Thomas some lessons at the game. The millionaire's notions of billiards were then so elementary that his teacher had privately considerable doubts of his ever attaining proficiency.

"I know you think I shall never master it," observed Sir Thomas, "but just wait three months."

At the end of that time the billiardist was again summoned to Osidge. To his utter amazement, Sir Thomas was making breaks of twenty and thirty, and playing a capital all-round game. The professional expressed his surprise. The other answered seriously: "A man can always do anything he makes up his mind to,

whether in games or in business."

Speaking of billiards, there is an English millionaire who is so fond of billiards that he has had a table fitted on his private steam yacht, and to make it possible to play at sea he has chartered a vessel to act as tender which is fitted as a floating oil tank. It steams two or three hundred yards to windward of his yacht, and, by means of taps, pours out oil on the troubled waters so that the yacht always floats smoothly.

The extra annual expenditure amounts to £4,000, but the rich man counts the money well spent so long as he can enjoy his favourite game.

Millionaires, bored by ordinary games, sometimes make use of their money to indulge in fantastic sports. Such is the football on horseback, which the Lorillards introduced a year or two ago; and also the fox-hunting on motor-cars, which is the delight of that fashionable watering-place Newport. During a recent run nearly thirty cars turned out, but all were put out of the running by a steep pitch, known as Honeyman's Hill, except one.

That one, which was the only motor in at the death, belonged to Colonel J. J. Astor, who is one of the most enthusiastic of millionaire motorists.

Duke: "My wife is a wonderful vocalist. Why, I have known her to hold her audience for hours——"

Biggs: "Get out!"

Diggs: "After which she would lay it in the cradle and rock it to sleep."

GOOD ENOUGH FOR A STARTER.

Editor: "What have you found out about the opposition candidate?"

Reporter: "Practically nothing. His record is without a flaw."

"Must have got into some mischief or other as a boy, anyhow."

"I could hear of nothing except that once he stole a tart from the baker's."

"Glorious. Put it in. It will be a whole bakery before the campaign is over."

An infant from sunny Marseilles
Each night fills the air with its weilles,
While its poor French papa,
And its petite mamma,
Weep enough to fill several peilles.

"I've come, sir," said the young man confidently, "to get your consent to my marriage with your daughter."

"What?" snarled old Rowley; "you,—a mere clerk——"

"Beg pardon, sir, I'm a gentleman. The moment your daughter accepted me I gave up my job altogether."

The wayworn man had fallen in the street in a very good swoon.

The usual crowd gathered, and the usual man who knows what to do shouted:

"Stand back and give him air!"

The wayworn man got up.

"Air!" said he, with fine scorn. "Air! When I ain't had nothin' but air for t'ree days!"

WHY YOU SHOULDN'T KILL FLIES.

They are Scavengers, Disease Destroyers, Weather Prophets, and Woman's Rights' Advocates.

You should not kill the fly. He may annoy you at night and prevent your going to sleep, or worry you as you sit on the beach trying to read the paper, but the harm he does you is simply nothing to the importance of his work in the economy of Nature.

The fly is a great scavenger. Each one of his species indirectly helps us in the difficult task of avoiding disease. The fly's appointed task is to rapidly consume decaying matter, which would otherwise breed pestilence. Refuse is his special delight, but in gratifying his desires he is removing a dangerous source of disease from the human being.

Leave a dead horse to the tender mercies of a lion, and that beast will probably sample a bite off the joint and leave the rest for somebody else. Give it into the charge of a few flies, and, in a few days, that horse's carcase will be exterminated. Flies have the most marvellous power of propagation. One of them will produce 20,000 larvæ. Each one of these eggs will, in turn, probably become the parent of 20,000 more. Just think of the destructive power therefore of one fly. Why, to destroy one of them is as great a disturbance of important work as to assassinate a county councillor or blow up a sewage works.

Then the fly is a great weather prophet. It is known that when he flies close to the ground we may expect fine weather. When he is invisible, depend on it a storm or cold spell is approaching. We ought to rejoice like anything to see a multitude of flies about. It signalises settled, fine weather. The fly doesn't get about much when the weather is likely to change for the worse.

No advocate of woman's rights should think of destroying the May-fly. It is a standing argument for the iniquity of man. Why, when the lady May-fly meets with the gentleman species, she only lives for just one day, and then has no end of a bad time. When the ladies keep clear of the men altogether, they flourish for a week or more. The May-fly, too, is a perfect terror to smaller insects, and, from Nature's point of view, the smaller insect is the worse.

Of course, you would not in any case be so cruel as to kill a ladybird. But, should you be tempted once this summer, remember that you are destroying a most important sanitary and agricultural official. The ladybird lives chiefly on a deadly kind of insect pest, the aphis, which infests growing vines and destroys them, withers up plants, trees, and bushes. Leave it to the ladybird, and she will exterminate millions of them per annum.

The harmful, unnecessary mosquito should not be killed. Experts say the best thing is to boycott him. The deadliest form of mosquito in the tropics only bites after sunset. The method of exterminating him has been sheer ostracism. Nobody goes out after sunset. Consequently the mosquito, which must live somehow, has transferred itself to other quarters, and does not trouble settlers.

It is a scientific complaint in some settlements that mosquitoes have disappeared so completely that there are none left even for scientific purposes, all through this boycott system.

Don't kill wasps. It is very rarely that a wasp bothers a human being, except when it has been disturbed or enraged. Besides, you do no good by leaving the world waspless. It is quite wrong to look upon the bee as a noble, industrial animal and the wasp as a dangerous nuisance. Bees sting quite as much as wasps, and for the same reasons, and are not really any more industrious. Wasps do not get honey, it is true, but they do good scavenging work.

The beetle is a much abused insect, but it is really a great public benefactor. They are positive demons at scavenger work, destroying noxious insects by the million. It is true that certain beetles infest corn, but, if you exterminated them, a much greater evil would befall. Rooks and other birds know the beetle is somewhere in the corn, so pounce down and attack him. Remove the beetle, and the birds would still pounce down, but, not finding the beetle ready for lunch, would turn their attention to the corn, devouring some thousand times as much as the beetle. Some beetles, too, eat cockroaches, which are useless creatures.

Dragon-flies look and sound terrible, but are really quite harmless. What is known as the "horse-stinger" has never been known to sting a horse or any other creature. It merely troubles smaller insects of an objectionable character, which is laudable.

The same with the scorpion fly, which attacks insects bigger and stronger—an example of courage which we should reward by leaving the creature alone. The scorpion fly, too, does not harm human beings.

The spider, so feared by young ladies, is quite harmless and very useful. It is notorious as a fly killer, but also disposes of mosquitoes, a thing to be encouraged.

The August ROYAL is a special seaside number, and is full of holiday articles and stories. Price 4d. as usual.

Ambition's Slave.

By FRED. M. WHITE, Author of "Who Killed James Trent?"

CHAPTER FORTY.

Music Hath Charms.

"Now, you distinctly promised me that you would not excite yourself," Maude said reproachfully to the Countess de Lary.

"But, my dear, I heard his voice. There was a disturbance in the outer hall, and a lot of people speaking at once. And I most distinctly heard Baron Kinski's voice."

"No, you didn't," Maude said sternly. It was no time for politeness. "Your mind was full of him and the new discovery, and you imagined it. Now, you are not to do anything of the kind again; at least, you are not to do so until I give you permission. What are you going to do when you leave here?"

"My dear, I have not the slightest idea. For reasons which I cannot go into, I dare not part with my diamonds. And for the present my money is exhausted. I have a little annuity, but it does not fall due again for some weeks, and I have no friends whatever in London."

"Oh, yes you have," Maude smiled. "I shall be here till about Tuesday, and when I go, you go with me. You are coming to pay a nice long visit to my mother and myself. Will you come?"

Countess de Lary began to cry softly. It was so good, so kind, so generous. Maude felt a little guilty. She would have made the offer under any circumstances, but she could not rid her mind of the fact that she had in the first place been prompted by the idea of further discoveries.

"There, that is settled," she said gaily. "Let us go into the billiard room."

The disturbance in the outer hall had subsided. Outside some men were wheeling or dragging away the remains of what a little time before had been a fine Panhard. Mr. Murdock had arrived at last, but he had not brought his wife with him. She had been detained by some important business, and a stupid servant had quite forgotten to send off the necessary telegram of apology. As the trains fitted in awkwardly, Murdock had decided to run down by motor. He could not stay, as that important business still pressed, and he had to get back to London before daylight. All this he explained to the listless ears of Lady Mary. The heavy financier and his wife did not interest her much.

"So sorry," she murmured with the most conventional politeness. "That dreadful business seems to upset everything. I can't imagine where my husband has gone to."

The library door opened, and a white, anxious face looked out. The hall was fairly clear, so Minter stepped across.

"I've been in the library if you have wanted me," he growled. "What's this fuss about? Come in here—no, the papers I want to show you are in the morning-room. This way, Murdock. And I am not to be disturbed by anybody, you understand, Mary."

Lady Mary nodded. She was relieved to get the Murdock business off her mind. When the door of the room was closed, Minter breathed freely again. He would have locked the door, but for the fact that it would have looked strange to the most important guest.

"You seem to have been knocked about," he said. "What's the matter?"

Murdock explained. He was a large, ponderous man, with an air of the most intense respectability. His very apearance was of utmost value at a meeting of angry shareholders. But the man rarely touched anything that was not absolutely sound, and his name stood high.

"I got smashed up two miles off," he said. "No, I am not hurt; only I shall want you to lend me one of your cars presently to get back with. What are you doing there?"

"I was just going to play an impromptu of Chopin's on my pianola," Minter continued. "I am passionately fond of music; in fact, it's my one soft spot. I can't play myself, so this machine does it for me. If you've got any feeling—— Would you like to hear it?"

But Murdock's weakness did not lie that way. He was a plain, hard man, who looked upon art of all kinds as so much vice. He tapped his teeth thoughtfully with his glasses.

"I've gone into your papers and figures," he said.

"Oh, yes," Minter said carelessly. "And they are as I said they were?"

"Oh, yes. They appear to me quite satisfactory. But I can't touch them."

Minter played a few bars of Chopin's lovely setting and stopped. He wanted time to recover his temper. He wanted to appear as if he did not care one way or another. He wanted to fly out at the smug financier and do him personal violence, if necessary. He got a grip of himself presently.

"So you are going to back out of the concern?" he said quietly. "Why?"

"Well, to me, it does not appear to be quite good enough. To be perfectly plain, I don't like the rumours that are going about concerning that Certified Company. I don't know where the rumours come from, but, in this case, they appear to be particularly well founded. They say that if the missing witness had turned up your case would not have been worth sixpence."

Minter smiled disdainfully.

"Is that it?" he said. "Why don't they go further—why don't they say that I found the money for the plan that released Eli Price?"

"My dear Minter, there are plenty of people who believe that too."

Murdock spoke coolly and quietly enough. Minter laughed, but there was a snarl behind it, and he had great difficulty in keeping his voice steady. He felt the ground slipping from under his feet; he knew quite well why Murdock had not brought his wife. The urgent business was only an excuse to keep everything like a semblance of friendship out of the matter and render it according to commercial rules.

"I'm sorry I've wasted your time and mine," Minter went on in his rasping voice. "I can see that you don't altogether trust me, and I don't blame you. But, if I had another good name behind mine, perhaps you might feel disposed to reconsider the matter?"

Murdock admitted the possibility. If Minter had any suggestion to make, why——

"It is not a suggestion," the latter said. "It is a hard reality. Will you come in, once for all, if I can get Baron Kinski to come on the board?"

"Oh, now you are talking," Murdock cried. "That is a different matter altogether. Personally, I don't know Kinski; but if you can induce him——"

"Consider the matter done. You shall have a cablegram to-morrow and a letter in due course."

Murdock's white teeth were displayed in a brilliant smile. He had not hoped for anything quite so satisfactory as this. Baron Kinski was a financier who kept himself very much to himself, but at the present moment his name stood high, and he was reported to have vast wealth in America. It was true that there had been some business over a mad Countess, but then the courts had decided in Kinski's favour.

"We could call it settled on those lines," Murdock said. "If you will see me on Monday—what's that?"

A high-pitched voice rose outside—an excited voice, evidently that of a woman.

"Oh, dear no, I haven't *lost* it," she said. "I remember now perfectly well putting it on the shelf in the room. I'll get it in a moment."

A smothered oath, so low that Murdock did not hear it, broke from Minter's lips. As the door opened, he rushed for the switch and turned off the light. To Murdock, whose mind did not work too rapidly, it seemed as if something had gone wrong with the circuit. The Countess advanced into the room, and, in the light of the hall lamps, fumbled her way to the fireplace.

"So there is somebody here," she said. "So sorry to disturb you, but I left something behind me just now. Ah, here it is. I felt quite certain——"

Minter's feet came on the pedals of the pianola, the masterpiece of Chopin was not more than begun. The keys began to speak, and the liquid melody to run off. Long before it was finished, that infernal woman would have gone away, Minter thought. Murdock sat there tapping his teeth with his glasses, and wondering if the strain of a great business was beginning to tell upon Minter's mind. To a blunt intellect like his, all this was so much frivolous nonsense.

The wondrous liquid harmony ceased at length, the sounds of melody died away. Minter half rose from the pianola and drew a deep breath. He had escaped for the present. A figure moved in the centre of the room; there was a deep sigh of pleasure.

"Wonderful," the Countess said gently. "Truly wonderful. What a soft, melting touch. My dear madam, I cannot see you, but *will* you play that again?"

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE.

Imagination.

THE figure at the piano said nothing. The shaft of light proceeding from the hall only threw the corner of the room where Minter was sitting into deeper gloom. He sat there awaiting events, hoping for the best, and yet fearful of results. Then Murdock helped him out of his difficulty. Murdock laughed.

"My friend is shy," he said. His peculiarly pawky form of humour was tickled. It was seldom that he jested, but the whole thing struck him as so absurd that he could not refrain from amusement. "She is not used to perform in public."

It was a slightly rude speech, all circumstances considered, and the Countess resented it. She could just see the outline of Murdock's figure by the fireplace.

"To whom have I the pleasure of speaking?" she asked.

Murdock announced his name and address pompously. He liked the effect they generally produced. But the Countess was not in the least impressed by the presence of the millionaire. On the contrary, she gave a start and darted forward. At the same moment, Minter slipped from the room. He perspired freely, and his face was white.

"So you are one of those capitalists?" the Countess exclaimed. "And I imagined my property to be safe here! Please turn on the light at once."

Murdock fumbled for the switch by the door, and found it at last. With a mutter of satisfaction, the Countess snatched up her ruby and diamond pendant and left the room. To her disordered mind, a capitalist was another word for a thief.

"I've got it!" she cried. "He couldn't possibly have known it was there, or I should never have seen it again. What a fortunate thing, Lady Mary!"

Lady Mary agreed soothingly, though she had not the least idea what had happened. As she led the Countess away, Minter sneaked from behind a pile of palms and slipped into the morning-room again. Murdock regarded him suspiciously and sourly.

"Is it some kind of play-acting you're doing?" he asked impatiently.

"Nothing of the kind," Minter replied. He had quite recovered himself. "That's Countess de Lary, you know. She's absolutely mad, and how she got here passes my comprehension. Probably some soft-heartedness on the part of my wife. It's a wonder she did not make a great scene when you told her who you were. I have to keep out of her sight in my own house to preserve the peace. She's been quite insane ever since that affair with Kinski."

Murdock allowed the explanation to pass, for it seemed ingenious enough. And the man had not one ounce of imagination about him. He had come down on business, and that business had proved a great deal more satisfactory than he had expected. He had finished now, and the sooner he got back to London the better he would be pleased.

"I'll get you to lend me a car," he said. "No; I'll not take anything."

"Then we will go across to the stables this way," Minter said eagerly, as he pulled up the blind and opened the catch of the French window. "I'll have your *chauffeur* called up and find you a good car. I'll not fail to see you on Monday morning."

On the whole, Minter was not displeased to see the back of his guest. He stood in the forecourt before the stables watching the big Panhard, with its flashing lamps, skimming like a great bird down the drive, and then he returned to the house. Somebody was in the morning-room now, for he could see shadows flickering across the blind. With a feeling of annoyance, Minter entered by the front door. Lady Mary was seeing a male guest off, the Countess had vanished.

"Where's that old cat gone to?" Minter growled.

"Do you mean the Countess?" Lady Mary asked innocently. "She's in the gallery looking at the pictures. The poor old thing has a passion for art."

"I daresay. Now, you take my advice and pack her off to bed, and get rid of her the first thing in the morning. She's a dangerous lunatic. And if I'd known that you were going to ask her down here——"

"My dear Graham, I didn't ask her. She is quite mad, poor thing, but perfectly harmless. She has spent her last few pence in coming down here to look for Baron Kinski. Maude Beaumont found her wandering about the park and brought her here properly enough. It was quite a fixed idea of hers that Kinski was here, and she is going to ruin him."

"Poor Baron!" Minter sneered. "How does she propose to do that?"

"She has some fresh evidence. She is very mysterious, but I fancy that there is a good deal of method in her madness, poor thing. She thinks the Baron has fled from her in disguise, and she is equally sure that she can penetrate that disguise."

"Mad as a hatter," Minter growled. His eyes were red, and the coarse veins showed on his forehead. "Get rid of her, turn her out of the house, do you hear! By Heaven! if she is here after to-morrow morning I will do it myself. You understand me?"

Lady Mary flushed and drew back. Minter seemed to be more coarse and vulgar than usual. The pressure of his grip almost amounted to pain.

"I don't quite understand you," she said, "and I see no reason for this violence. If you ask me——"

"I don't ask you, I command you. That wretched old lunatic shall not remain under my roof any longer. After to-night she goes. Mind, I've said it."

Minter stalked away down the corridor to his own particular den, where he was never disturbed under any circumstances. It was getting very late now, but he had no desire to go to bed. Nor did he desire human companionship in any form. He wanted to be alone, apart from those chattering Society idiots. He wanted to think, and his thoughts were by no means pleasant ones. There was danger pressing in upon him from more sides than one. He smiled to himself. How many of the gilded rats would be here if the true state of things were known?

There was a mist before Lady Mary's eyes as she crossed the hall. That she had wrecked and ruined her life she had known for a long while; indeed, she had done the thing more or less deliberately. She feared her husband rather than disliked him. He was so strong and so cruel; he was cruel now. It seemed so dreadful for Minter to turn against this poor creature and order her out of the house. And she would have to go.

Maude's quick instinct saw that something was wrong immediately.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked. "What troubles you?"

"It's that poor old soul!" Lady Mary said unsteadily. The poor old soul in question was still deep in her contemplation of the pictures. "Graham has been making a fuss. I tried to enlist his sympathy, but I might as well have tried to get sympathy from a shark. He says she shall leave the house the first thing in the morning, and he will keep his word."

Maude made no comment. She had expected something like this; indeed, she would have been surprised if Minter had taken any other course of action. Seeing what she had seen, Maude's suspicions were generally confirmed. She smiled sympathetically.

"I hope Mr. Minter did not tell the Countess so much," she said.

"No; he wouldn't see her at all. He seems to have a rooted horror of the poor old thing. He says she will some day become dangerously mad and do some mischief to

Full of interesting stories, and just the thing for the cliffs at the seaside. SHORT STORIES, one penny weekly.

some man of money. Maude, what can I do? I cannot turn the poor old dear out, and yet my husband——"

"Hide her," Maude said coolly. "The house is big enough, in all conscience. Hide her away; leave her to me, and when I go back to London on Monday I'll take her along and see to her future. Have they put her bedroom close to mine?"

"I don't know what I should do without you," Lady Mary sighed. "You are always such a comfort to me, Maude. And if anything happens I can say that you will——"

"Take the blame," Maude cried cheerfully. "Certainly. The man is not born yet—capitalist or not—who can successfully bully me."

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO.
The Countess Sees a Face.

THE lights were out in the big drawing-room, the gleam from upstair windows grew fainter. The last few stragglers had left the billiard and smoking-rooms, and the butler yawned behind them as he flicked out the electrics with a suggestion that even here people occasionally went to bed. Certain lights remained here and there, lakes of light in a black island of darkness; Marvyn Chase was too large a house to leave entirely unilluminated. It was possible to see in the corridor.

Maude had seen Lady Mary in the hands of her maid, and had said "Good-night." As she passed into the gallery where the famous pictures hung, she saw that the Countess was still there.

"Are you going to stand admiring the things all night?" Maude asked.

"My dear, they are magnificent. To me they are a constant joy. In my youth I was always surrounded by works of art and beauty; to be deprived of them is a terrible loss. At one time I thought it would have affected my reason, but, of course, I was too strong-minded for that."

Maude successfully hid her smile. It was amusing enough, but there was a pathetic side to it all the same. Very cleverly she drew the old lady into her room.

"Sit down for a chat for a little while," she said. "Tell me about yourself. And this Baron Kinski. Why do you imagine that he is here to-night?"

The Countess looked cautiously around her. She spoke in a deep whisper.

"My dear, I know that I can trust you," she said. "The man is here in disguise. Lady Mary may not know it; indeed, I am sure she does not. But I found the end of a cigarette he had been smoking, and I heard his voice. they hang together. Our host is shielding that man from my vengeance. But I shall find him; I shall penetrate his disguise."

"You think you would know him under any circumstances?"

"My dear, I am absolutely certain of it. Give me a little time and I shall succeed. Meanwhile——"

"Meanwhile, you are going to bed," Maude said with firm good humour. "I'll take you there."

She heard the door of the room next to hers close at last. It was very late, but Maude had not the slightest feeling of sleepiness. There was much to engage her thoughts. First there was the quarrel between her lover and the man she had pledged to marry. Desborough had brought it upon himself, and from the bottom of her heart Maude was glad. It was only now that she was beginning to realise how she loathed and despised the man who had forced this match upon her. She was getting reckless and desperate, ready to take any means consistent with honour to get out of her promise.

A clock somewhere sounded two; from outside came the booming bell note of a great dog. Maude thought about Gambit, and wondered if he had got home all right, and, if so, what the servants would think of the fact that he had one of his mistress' gloves in his mouth?

What possible connection could there be between Graham Minter and the poor, mad lady in the next room? Minter knew Baron Kinski, and there the matter ended. But why was he so desperately anxious not to come face to face with Countess de Lary, and why had he crawled on his hands and knees to avoid it? It seemed very strange that a strong man like Graham Minter should go in bodily fear of a woman who was obviously deficient in intellect. Had they met at some previous time?

But that seemed impossible, because Countess de Lary disclaimed even a personal knowledge of the millionaire. The more Maude thought of this the more puzzled she was, and the less she saw her way of turning this discovery to advantage.

The note of the hound boomed out again, much closer this time. But Maude did not hear. In so big a place as this, with so great a value scattered about inside, it was absolutely necessary to keep watch-dogs, and doubtless this one was on the premises somewhere.

But something was stirring in the next room. Maude wondered what it was. With a start, she saw the handle of her door turn; but she had no occasion for alarm, as the Countess came in. Her eyes were shining; she held something in her hands.

"Take these for me," she said; "hide them. There are thieves about."

Obviously the speaker had been asleep and was still dreaming. But Maude took the worn, shabby cases without protest.

"Have you come straight here?" she asked.

"No. I have been wandering about the house. I could not sleep; all the beauty and luxury reminded me too much of the old times. So I put on the wrap that Lady Mary lent me and I went all about the house. Then a face looked at me suddenly out of the darkness—an evil face, the face of a thief—and I was frightened. So I got my jewels from my room and I came to you."

"And I shall take you back again," Maude said. "Lock your door, and you will be quite safe."

The Countess admitted that she had never thought of that course. She seemed perfectly satisfied, and quite easy in her mind now. Of course, the face was all imagination, Maude told herself. Nevertheless, she listened at the head of the staircase, her mind strung to its highest tension.

A creak, the rattle of a shutter, a hoarse whisper, and then silence. Somebody was getting into the house. Minter was still down in his den, as Maude pretty well knew for certain. She would go down and tell him. The stairs creaked under her, as stairs do on such occasions, but Maude went bravely on.

* * * * * *

Across the park, in the darkness, Price proceeded with Macgregor moodily by his side. Their luck had not been exactly what they had expected, but it was better than they deserved. On the whole, Price considered that he had not done a bad thing for himself.

"What's the game now?" Macgregor asked sullenly.

"Get our machines and back to London," Price responded shortly. "If you only knew it, we were precious near to being caught to-night, thanks to that dog. We shall have to be more careful in the future. It's a good dog and a valuable dog, and I am fond of them, but before long Gambit must die. I prophesy that he will die by poison."

"I'd do it cheerfully," Macgregor said. "People have no right to keep a dog like that. By Jove! there the beggar goes across the park."

Price recognised with a thrill that the statement was true enough. The lithe body of the great hound passed slowly backwards and forwards as if the dog were looking for something. In fact, he was feathering after his own trail so as to pick up his homeward tracks again. For an hour or more he trotted backwards and forwards, whilst the men stood silently there reviling their own impotence. To move might bring the dog on their scent again, and if that happened they were doomed. They might try a tree, but afterwards, when daylight came and questions were asked, what then? Price did not like to think of it.

"I'm going back," he said. "Anything is better than this."

Macgregor followed with chattering teeth. Suddenly Gambit gave a whine, he dropped the glove, and proceeded to cover the ground more quickly. An execration burst from Price.

"The dickens take all dogs," he said. "Here's a bit of cruel luck. Hang me if that brute hasn't picked up our trail again! He's going over all the ground we covered, and he'll be on us sooner or later. What are we to do?"

"Go to the house and hide somewhere there till daylight," Macgregor suggested. "The dog will be seen and questions asked. Miss—I mean the lady you know of—will see the brute and send him home again. After that we can watch our chance and slip away."

"Well, one learns something from every fool," was the complimentary reply. "Get a move on you. I daresay Minter and Co. have gone to roost by this time. Given five minutes, and we shall be safe from that dog after all. Only don't make a noise."

The house was reached at length, but none too soon, as Gambit had picked up a strong scent and was racing round the park towards the mansion. On the terrace Macgregor stood outside the blue-room window. The light was still burning as Minter had left it, the catch was unfastened. Macgregor's quick eye took the fact in like a flash. Cautiously he pushed the blind aside and looked in. He smote his thigh, and gave a little chuckle of satisfaction.

"Here's hospitality," he whispered, "here's confidence. Open the latch and walk in. Not a soul in the room at all. Come along, my noble partner."

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE.
In the Blue Room.

PRICE grinned at the unexpected luck. Really, the servants in large houses are very careless, a fact that the predatory class counts upon. A set of decanters and glasses and a large silver box of cigarettes attracted Macgregor's attention. He stretched out a longing hand.

"No liquor and no tobacco for Heaven knows how many weary hours," he said. "Don't see much sense in leaving tobacco at home myself."

"I do," Price said grimly. "You never could wait patiently without smoking, though there's nothing more dangerous or more likely to give you away. Well, you can fill your pockets and have a drink, and then we'll be off as quietly as possible."

Macgregor protested. There were lots of small yet valuable articles scattered about, and to leave them behind seemed like a sinful waste of golden opportunities. Besides, there was the dog. They were safe, it was true, for the present, but how were they going to get away again?

"How you manage to get your living is a mystery to me," Price growled. "You're not going to touch one single thing. And, as to the dog, that's quite easy. Whilst he's nosing about outside here, we shall slip out of the front door. You stay here till I've found it."

"And nothing to be taken?" Macgregor asked.

"Not so much as a cold cinder. You fool, suppose we get picked up on the way home? Such things have happened before now and will again. Here we are with a fortune in our grip, and you want to spoil it for a £5 note. If you touch anything, I'll——"

Price advanced so fiercely that Macgregor quailed.

"All right," he said tartly, "what a bad-tempered fellow you are. You go and raise the portcullis whilst I stay here. Only it seems a pity not to—ah, all right, keep your hair on. Only I'll be glad to get back to London again."

All this time Maude was listening at the top of the stairs. Not that she could hear a word of all this conversation, which was being carried on in whispers. All she felt was that somebody was in the house, and that Minter must be roused as quickly as possible. She felt pretty certain he would not have gone to bed yet, for she knew him and his habits.

She was creeping down the stairs now when a shadow crossed the corridor. Maude looked up hastily. Doubtless the noise had aroused some other guest. She was just a little annoyed to see the Countess in her white wrap standing behind her.

"Did you hear it?" she whispered. "Did you hear that noise?"

Maude murmured something reassuring. She could not leave the other woman there, she felt that the fact of her going down stairs in a dressing gown and with her hair all over her shoulders needed some explanation.

"It is only your imagination," she said.

"Then what are you after?" Countess de Lary said with a sudden shrewdness. "Why are you creeping about like this, I want to know? You heard that noise?"

"I am going back for something that I have forgotten," Maude said. "But first I am going back to your room. You simply *must* stay there. As to your jewels——"

"They are quite safe, you think? I am in a strange house, the house of one of those capitalists. It is only another word for a thief. I don't know Mr. Minter, but if he could get my jewels he would do so. They are all alike."

Maude was biting her lips with vexation. Time was precious, and the poor old lady was keeping her waiting. Her whisper, too, was getting loud. Maude took her gently, but firmly, by the shoulder and piloted her back to the bedroom again.

"You are not to move again," she commanded. "If you do, I shall refuse to be responsible for your gems. If you like, when I return, you may come and sleep in my room. But not if you are going to disobey my orders in this fashion."

The bribe sufficed. With a patient little smile, the Countess promised to be good. Once again Maude crept down the stairs and into the hall, dimly lighted with one electric lamp in the large corona. It might have been fancy, but it seemed to the girl that she could hear whispering somewhere, that presently a dim form crossed the hall and disappeared.

There were no lights in any of the main rooms, as Maude could see. She passed down two of the corridors before a little slit of flame seemed to cut into the darkness. That was from the morning-room, the French window of which opened on to the terrace. Maude would have to pass that door to reach Minter's sanctum. Her heart was beating a little faster now.

Her foot caught against a stool and made a little noise, but the girl pushed resolutely forward. A burning curiosity took possession of her, a strong desire to see what was in the room. Burglars, as a rule, do not illuminate their proceedings with vivid electric lights, and it might be possible, after all, that Maude was mistaken. She pushed open the door and went in.

Nobody there, she told herself with a sigh of relief. But that was not quite correct. The intruder, Macgregor, was there, examining the pictures round the walls. The man was quick enough, so far as resource was concerned, for he pushed the door to instantly and confronted the astonished Maude. It was only a woman, after all, Macgregor told himself.

"What, what are you doing here?" Maude stammered.

"I am waiting by appointment to see Mr. Minter," Macgregor replied. For the life of him, he could not keep that smirk from his face. He was a squire of dames in his way, and prided himself on his correct judgment where a pretty face was concerned. And here was the most beautiful woman, with the most wonderful hair, he had ever seen. "Is he likely to be long?"

But Maude was not deceived, the smirk gave Macgregor away.

"You are a cool scoundrel," she said. "Do people who come to see Mr. Minter at this late hour generally enter the house by means of the window?"

The window might have been fastened, for all Maude knew to the contrary, but she made the shot. Macgregor laughed silently. It was the kind of adventure he liked.

"I am here by stress of circumstances," he said. "I have an enemy outside who is literally thirsting for my blood. So long as I am here I am safe; in fact, I should not have been safe if that window had not been luckily open. I assure you I am telling the truth."

"And you expect me to believe that and allow you to go?"

"The ears of beauty are never deaf to the tones of distress," Macgregor said smoothly. "If you will permit me to depart by the front door I will be grateful."

"I have not the slightest doubt about it. But such is far from being my intention."

The smirk disappeared suddenly from Macgregor's face, and an ugly look took its place.

"There are other methods of gaining my desire," he said. "For instance, you are weak and I am tolerably strong. And I have the advantage of the closed door on my side.

(*Continued on next page.*)

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Are you going away for your holidays? You must not go without the August seaside number of the ROYAL MAGAZINE.

Before you could give the alarm I could have you by that beautiful, slender, white throat of yours and choke the life out of you. I could gag you, and lock the door behind me. It would not be a pleasant thing to do, because I am a most humble and devoted admirer of your sex. On the other hand, the prospect of a long spell in gaol this lovely weather is not to be contemplated with equanimity."

Maude followed this tirade more or less hastily. The man spoke more or less like a gentleman, he was most offensively at ease, but he looked like a tiger. The girl was repenting of her boldness. If she had passed on and called Minter, there would have been nothing of this.

"You would not dare," she managed to say.

"Oh, yes, I would," Macgregor said with the ugly smile still on his lips. "I dare most things. What does Shakespeare say on the subject? But never mind Shakespeare. Are you going to show me the front door, or shall I find it for myself?"

The door opened behind Maude before her reply was ready.

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR.

Grudging Hospitality.

HOPE flickered up in Maude's breast for a moment. Doubtless her host had arrived, and he would very soon put a different complexion on the matter. But it was no dress-coated form that crept so slowly into the blue-room, but another man, the first intruder's accomplice, no doubt.

"It's all right," he whispered. "You can come along, Macgregor. Who the——"

Price paused in astonishment, not unmixed with admiration. Maude could have laughed aloud, had not her anger got the better of her. She faced Price indignantly.

"And this is the way you reward me!" she said. "This is why you came down here. Had I known, I would have allowed the dog to tear you in pieces."

"If I may never speak again, you misjudge me," Price said in a hard whisper. "I'm telling the truth now, may I die if I'm not. We were going out of the park when the dog picked us up again. He was carrying something in his mouth, and I thought that you had sent him home——"

"So I had," Maude said. "I can't understand."

"Well, the dog picked up our tracks again. We had to make a bolt for it, and so we came here. Our idea was to hide somewhere till the dog was discovered and called off and then make our escape. But we found the window open, and I suggested going through the house and out the other side. If it hadn't been for the dog, we should have been in London before now."

The man was telling the truth, Maude felt certain of that. All her fear vanished.

"In that case, I had better let you out," she said. "There is a side door here that will save going across the hall. I know where the key is kept."

"Half a moment," Macgregor said eagerly. "Allow me most humbly to beg your pardon; I used language just now, under a mistaken impression, of course, that I should not——"

"No apology is needed," Maude said. "I quite understand. The sooner you are gone the better."

"Step outside for a minute," Price said, "and close the door behind you."

Macgregor winked discreetly and disappeared. Price hesitated some little time before he spoke.

"I hope you believe me," he said. "I assure you nothing is missing here. I have too big a game to play to think of this paltry little thing at present. Would you like to have Minter under your thumb?"

"It would be useful," Maude said, suppressing her eagerness, "very useful. In fact—but go on."

"I can't go on for the present, my plans are not yet quite definite. But I'm going to do it. You have done me a good turn, and Eli Price never forgets that. But when the time comes, I'll not fail to let you know."

"Meanwhile, you had better be going," Maude said. "I'll get the key, and you can let yourself out. Presently I will come down again and lock the door. Good-night."

The key was procured, a sort of latch key for emergencies, and was handed over to Price. Maude ran swiftly towards the stairs, but, as she did so, her foot caught in the edge of an armed figure, the shock dislodging the helmet, which clanged upon the floor.

"Be quick," she whispered. "Mr. Minter has not gone to bed. Not for worlds would I have him know that I have been talking to you. And that noise is sure to disturb him."

Maude flew up the stairs and into the room of the Countess. She had forgotten all about her troubles and suspicions now, for she lay on her bed fast asleep. At any rate, there was something to be thankful for. Behind the closed doors Maude listened intently, but no sound could she hear. No doubt the intruders had got safely away by this time, and Minter had found the cause of the commotion. He would naturally conclude that the helmet had fallen off, and there would be an end to the matter. But, on the whole, it had been a narrow escape, and Maude had no desire to repeat the experience.

To have a hold over Minter, too! The mere thought caused Maude to glow to her finger tips. Once given that, she could see her way. On the whole, it had been a good night's work when she first made the acquaintance of her rascally brother-in-law, and any stick was good enough to beat a dog with. If everything went well, she might be free yet.

But things downstairs were not going altogether as Maude could have wished. The key of the door was in the lock, but the wards refused to turn. Price shook it passionately.

"What's the matter?" Macgregor asked with his teeth chattering.

"Key stopped up," Price replied. "A bit of fluff down the barrel, or something of that kind. Fancy all this owing to a bit of fluff. Got a pin about you?"

But Macgregor did not possess that trivial but useful article. He only hoped that the master of the house had not been aroused by the clang of the falling helmet. Price tugged away, but all in vain.

"We shall have to go back by the way we came," he said. "Perhaps the dog's gone now; it's all a chance. Good thing Minter did not come out upon us."

But Minter was not so deaf as Price had fondly imagined. He had heard the noise of the falling helmet, and his suspicious nature told him that somebody was in the house. But how had they got there? Like a flash it came upon him how he had taken Murdock to the stables by means of the French window, the fastening of which he had forgotten. The thieves had entered the house that way and would return by the same exit.

Whatever Minter's faults were, he had no lack of physical courage. Nature had not given him that hard mouth and square jaw for nothing. He smiled grimly to himself as he took a loaded revolver from a drawer and let himself out into the night by means of his window, taking care to lock his door behind him so that there should be no loophole for the burglars presently.

All he saw was a dark shadow of a dog moving restlessly about. One of his own dogs, no doubt. He came to the blue-room; he smiled again to find the lights burning brilliantly there. As he stepped into that room, Macgregor entered by the door. A second and he was looking down into the blue rim of a revolver barrel and reviling his fate silently.

"Hands up," Minter said. "I've got you fairly this time. Any weapon about you?"

"Don't work in that way," Macgregor said sullenly. "Besides, it's dangerous. I'm not armed."

"Then you can sit down in that chair," Minter said in high good humour. "Help yourself to cigarettes and a drink. They are likely to be the last you will get for some time."

Macgregor complied with a shaking hand. His glass clinked against his teeth as he raised it. He wondered vaguely what Price was doing all this time. He had shot back directly he had caught sight of Minter. Perhaps by this time he was speeding across country. But Price was not that sort. He prided himself on the virtue of always sticking to a pal. Doubtless he was thinking of something now. Macgregor looked uneasily at the door.

Minter followed his glance, and detected his thoughts instantly.

"So you are not alone?" he said. "There is another man. I'll soon settle this."

He pushed the door to and raised his revolver. Before he could fire and give the necessary alarm, the door burst open and Price grapped his arm. Minter turned savagely in expectation of a struggle, but Price did not mean to fight for a moment; his face clearly proved that.

"Hold hard," he panted. "No reason to make a fool of yourself in that way. You've caught me fairly out, but I've got the grip on you, and we could murder you between us now despite your courage. You've forced my hand, my dear sir, but really it doesn't much matter."

"And who may you be?" Minter asked with well simulated curiosity.

Price dropped in a chair and laughed in his horribly silent fashion. He was always at his worst, he was always in his most dangerous mood when he did that. He took a cigarette and lighted it, he poured down his throat a liberal measure of brandy as if it had been water.

"I am Eli Price," he said. "I am the escaped convict who did *not* give evidence in the Certified Company case. And you pretend not to know me."

"I'll have you locked up before morning," Minter said.

Price laughed again in the same horrible, silent fashion.

"Not a bit of it," he said. "You *dare* not. Ring the bell, Minter. Call in the police. Sound the loud timbal, blow the trumpets, and all the rest of it. Why don't you do it, Minter? I'm quite prepared to face the music if you are. And my price is £100,000."

(Another splendid instalment next week.)

MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

MRS. MURPHY's husband was extremely ill, and she consulted a doctor.

"I'm sorry, madam," he said gravely, "but your husband is dying by inches."

"Well," she said, with an air of hopeful resignation, "wan good thing is me poor man is six-foot-t'ree in his stockings, so he'll last some time yet!"

PREFERRED BAD MONEY.

AN acquaintance from the country, having visited some friends, and being about to depart, presented a little boy, one of the family, with half-a-crown in the presence of his mother.

"Please, is it a good one?" asked the little fellow.

"Of course it is," replied the gentleman, surprised. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I'd rather have a bad one, and then they'll let me keep it. If I get any good money it goes into the bank, and I never get it again."

"JAMES," said Borem, sternly, "when I asked you if Mr. Markley was in the club you said you hadn't seen him. I just found him in the billiard room, and he says you saw him come in."

"Ho! yes, sir," replied the discreet flunky, "but 'e told me 'e was not 'isself to-day."

MAMMA (to Bobby, who wants more pie): "You ought not to eat any more pie, Bobby, and I ought not to give it to you, but I will this time."

Bobby: "Well, if a' boy's mamma is willing to do things she ought not to, why shouldn't the boy himself?"

And Bobby ate the pie with a clear conscience.

FADS THAT SEVER LOVING HEARTS.

Personal Peculiarities which Break Engagements.

PEOPLE with fads are generally well-meaning folk, but they sometimes lack the gift of being able to reconcile their friends to their opinions. The views of faddists are often reasonable enough, to a certain extent. It is in their being carried to the extreme that the absurdity lies.

Faddists are a good deal like other people to start with; but in time little peculiarities, previously dormant or unnoticed, become developed, and if unchecked may turn their possessors into confirmed cranks.

In ordinary life the faddist is usually a great bore, and in the lists of love he is a still greater nuisance. Girls in search of a husband would do well to beware of the man who is slightly cracked on any particular point.

An instance occurred only a few months ago of a promising courtship being upset and brought to an end by the unreasonable demands of the lover who was a vegetarian crank.

Not content with laying down the law to his *fiancée* on every available occasion as to his future requirements when married, he sought to convert her and her family to his own way of thinking.

By the too strenuous preaching of his favourite topic he at last so disgusted his betrothed that when he attempted to exact a pledge that she would adopt a non-flesh diet after marriage she threw him over. He is now seeking a partner more to his peculiar taste among the ranks of vegetarian female society.

A young man of Reading made a somewhat similar mistake last winter by injudicious efforts in the way of dress reform.

He was engaged to a girl who was a "catch" in every sense of the word. She was lively, good-tempered, good-looking, sensible, and accomplished. But in the eyes of the misguided lover she had one failing. This was a reluctance to adopt the views of her betrothed on the question of feminine attire. On this subject he had most extreme opinions.

In season and out of season he never lost a chance of arguing upon, or making a satirical allusion to, such articles dear to the female mind as long, sweeping trains, corsets, hats adorned by birds, and so forth. To such a degree did this mania possess the "cranky" lover that, fearful where it might end, his *fiancée*, acting on the advice of her parents, decided to break off the engagement.

Another instance of a lover receiving his dismissal through pushing his ideas to unreasonable limits happened so recently as January last. He was so bitten with the fresh air and exercise craze that he had recourse to all sorts of dodges in order to compel his sweetheart to experience to the full its many undoubted benefits.

Not content, for example, with taking her for a long walk of five or six miles every night in all winds and weathers, this pushful champion of hygiene made a practice of calling for her at seven o'clock every morning for another long constitutional before breakfast. The tactless lover, moreover, insisted on his sweetheart keeping her bedroom and sitting-room windows wide open in the depth of winter.

Not being blessed with a very vigorous frame, these heroic measures soon began to tell upon the hitherto obedient maiden, and at length a troublesome illness showed her the folly of continuing such severe treatment. On regaining her usual health, she told her lover that she had come to the conclusion that they were not suited for each other, and had better part.

It is not, however, always men who make the mistake of propagating too earnestly extreme views on these and kindred topics. The gentler sex are sometimes afflicted with a desire to do the same. The results, too, are generally just as disastrous from a matrimonial point of view.

A Swindon girl, who had been engaged for about fifteen months to a young fellow in a comparatively good position, suddenly conceived a strong aversion to tobacco, and requested her beloved swain, who had a great liking for the weed, to give it up. This he did without much demur, though with a good deal of inward reluctance. When, however, a few weeks later she made objections to his playing football, he thought she was getting too unreasonable. And being asked to refrain from all further indulgence in his favourite pastime, he flatly declined. The result was that Love's young dream was here again soon dispelled, the couple parted, and went their separate ways.

An Oldham man missed sharing matrimonial bliss with the girl of his choice by his refusal to accede to her rather irrational demands. As a brewer's traveller he had the confidence of his employers, and was in the enjoyment of a comfortable berth. He was looking forward to a happy married life.

But a few months before the date fixed for their wedding his *fiancée* developed a rabid craze for converting all and sundry persons with whom she came in contact to teetotalism. She then requested that he should resign his situation in the brewery and take the risk of finding one in a business less antagonistic to her temperance principles.

Having had no experience in any other trade or profession, he met this request with a polite negative, and as a direct consequence the wedding was indefinitely postponed.

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SPLENDID SERIES.

TINSEL TRIUMPHS.

. . The True Adventures of an Actress. . .

By BLANCHE EARDLEY.

A Second Red Warning.

"You are advised to break off your engagement—this is the second warning." That was all! Another threat written in the characteristic hand I had before noticed!

Why should my unknown enemy dog my footsteps so persistently? And if I refused to listen to these two commands, what would the third bring forth?

I shuddered as the obvious reply flashed across my mind. Perhaps the next time I would not escape the trap! The flame-coloured dress had nearly been my shroud, and now these crimson roses, what Nemesis did they bring in their trail?

"Shall I put them in water, Miss?" Marie's voice recalled me to everyday life.

"Take them away," I said sharply; "they frighten me. I hate the colour near me since I wore that awful dress!"

She looked at me in alarm. "Am I to send them back, Miss?" she asked.

I shook my head impatiently. "There is no address with them. I only wish them out of my sight, where I may never see them again!"

She left the room obediently with the hated emblems of evil in her hand, and, although I felt unnerved and depressed, I struggled to get ready for the first act of *Mr. Wingate's Wife*. When I had finished making-up, I put on my silk stockings and shoes, and then sat down to wait for Marie to help me into my dress. As my eyes roamed over the table, glittering with silver and dainty with scents and powders, such a contrast to the hideous board at which I had first dressed at Spenny-on-the Mud—I noticed the other letter which I had forgotten in the throes of my panic on seeing the red roses.

I took it up and immediately recognised the writing of Lord Paulton Nairn. He had called constantly since my accident, and brought me beautiful flowers, but I had somehow never had the opportunity of resuming the subject of our last conversation at the Carlton.

I opened his letter eagerly, this time with no doubt as to the nature of the communication. For I was glad and relieved to see that my few words had taken effect, and I could always depend upon my old-time admirer as a friend, in the true meaning of the word.

"MY DEAR BLANCHE," he began with unblushing impudence. "Just a line to let you know that I have struck up a great friendship with Harcourt, and managed to find out that there was some truth in the reports regarding the financial state of *Mr. Wingate's Wife*, but, happily, that has now been changed, through the strengthening of the syndicate, and also—but, *this* time unhappily—through the sensation aroused by the dastardly attempt upon your life. So I don't think you need have any fear about the play not running. I can assure you it is booked beyond the season. By the way, may I presume to give you a hint? Keep that Dacre chap away from Mr. Hyne. I can't help fancying he is a wrong 'un! Hyne seems to have cottoned to him, why—I can't think.

"With the best of good wishes,

"Yours always,

PAULTON NAIRN."

I read it through once more, then placed it in the little jewelled bag I usually carried about with me. I was glad that my fears were at rest concerning the doom of Wilfrid's play, but they were roused into fresh activity by the barely-veiled doubts of my keen-sighted friend, Paulton. How was I, a weak woman, to contend against my lover and my enemy becoming closer friends? It was like one small lighthouse vainly attempting to guide the entire course of every vessel at sea!

When Marie returned I was busy thinking about the second strange communication I had received, and that, together with Lord Paulton's letter, made me forget to ask whether she had safely disposed of my ominous gift.

As I went through the part that had by constant playing ceased to be a novelty to me, I chanced to glance quite accidentally into a box on the O. P. side, and when I looked hurriedly away, my eyes carried an impression of having seen, some time and somewhere, the face of the occupant in the box.

It was that of a woman with hair of a warm brown, waving rebelliously about her brow, a pale face, lit up by a pair of vivid blue eyes, and a wide, red mouth parted by a good-humoured smile.

That was all, but as the blue eyes flashed for an instant into mine, I knew that we had met, but where?

When I was taking off my make-up after the ringing down of the curtain on the third act, the call boy brought a card to my dressing-room. I looked at it impatiently as Marie handed it to me, for visitors just at the moment were unwanted. But one glance was sufficient to make me exclaim with surprise and delight, for on the bit of pasteboard was printed the name:

MISS DOLLY ALLGRACE.

and in the left hand corner were the words, "Frivolity Theatre, W.C."

The Red Sign's Tragic Sequel.

BEFORE I had sufficiently recovered to issue an order, the door was pushed open, and a laughing voice said:

"This is a little different from the *Vice Triumphant* days, eh, old girl? Fancy your playing lead at the Duke of Cork's! I always said you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth!" And there entered the room no one less than the owner of the face that had been haunting me all the evening.

"Dolly!" I cried, and then for a few gurgling seconds we stood with clasped hands, mingling half-broken sentences with our greetings, each outdoing the other in vieing for coherency amid the stream of newly-awakened threads of memory.

"Well, I am glad to see that being 'leading lady' has not turned your heart from old friends!" Dolly laughed, when, order restored, she sat in an armchair, sipping some champagne I always had by me since my illness. "Most girls in your place would have got swollen-headed!"

"I may just as well say the same about you," I retorted; "you have also ascended the theatrical scale since we parted after the pantomime at Anchester."

"Oh, yes, my dear—but burlesque is different somehow! Anyway, I am going to play Lydia Lloyd's part at the Friv. in the revival of the *Stowaway Girl*. Lydia has gone to 'Baileys' since her smash up with Teddy Frayne! I'm tired of touring about the world," she went on, "why, my dear, I've wandered nearly over the globe, right through the States and Australia; to say nothing of the British Isles! just like that classic Johnnie one reads about!"

"Perhaps you mean 'Ulysses'?" I laughed, amused by the same irrepressible gaiety that had first attracted me in my old friend.

"That's him!" Dolly rejoined, airily, with a fine disregard for the niceties of grammar. Then, with a sudden drop into a more serious mood, she said: "Seen any old friends since you've been playing in town?"

I looked at her sharply. Did she know, I wondered, about our old *bête noire*, Lionel Dacre, having come upon the scene of my life again! But then it was impossible since she had only just returned from the Antipodes, and I remembered what Lionel Dacre had said about her being "lost" as my ally.

"Oh, the usual accidental meetings," I answered carelessly; "you know I was never much of a favourite on tour."

"Too pretty, my dear," she laughed, "and not sufficiently amenable regarding your would-be Benedicts, whose name was legion! Do you remember"—and then she launched forth into a flood of reminiscences about our frivolous days on tour, when we squeezed all the juice from the orange of life that was then in our hands. As I laughed and listened between the pauses of dressing, I looked curiously at the girl who had been my mentor during my novitiate in the profession.

Travel and experience had rounded the crude corners, and toned down the self-sufficiency of her former days. While still retaining all her original verve and dash, I noticed a subtle change for the better in her style and appearance. Before, she had been a study in broad, Titian-like effects; now she resembled a Rembrandt in the delicate half tones of light and shade that softened her personality.

"Dolly," I broke in suddenly, "I know now why I did not recognise you from the stage."

"Why?" she laughed.

Marie had left us alone, so I leant forward and said demurely:

"Your *hair*, Dolly! I like that pretty brown so much better; how brave of you to do it!"

She blushed, and replied frankly:

"Well, dear, to tell you the truth, I got so tired of having a lemon-coloured head like nearly every other chorus girl you meet, that when I began to strike out a new line for myself, I decided to stop dyeing my hair and let the old colour come back. But oh"—and she threw up her hands in comic dismay—"you should have seen the fright I made myself! For nearly a year I looked like a black and tan terrier. I never appreciated the full beauty of Shakespeare's lines—

"*Parting* is such sweet sorrow,

until then! And my partings were a 'sweet sorrow' to me for many a 'morrow.'"

"You have improved yourself more than you think," I laughed. "And I should not be surprised if, like other girls at the 'Frivolity,' you married 'a Marquis or a Lord.'"

She shook her head, and I fancied that a sigh fluttered on the wing of the faint laugh.

"No, Blanche, I leave matrimony to you. I am wedded to my art."

Remembering what Lord Paulton Nairn had told me about her treatment of Mr. Isaacs in New York, I wondered whether the sigh was for the man she had given up to another woman, or for a more recent love affair.

"Where are you staying?" I asked. "Now I have found you, Dolly, I don't mean to lose sight of you."

"At present I am putting up at a boarding-house in Woburn Place," she said; "but I'm on the look out for a flat after the rehearsals, as I expect to be in town permanently from now."

A sudden idea seized me. Why should not Dolly and myself share a flat? It would solve the difficulty of chaperonage, and I knew Wilfrid would approve of the arrangement, for, in spite of being one of the "Frivolity" girls, Dolly had a record as clean and straight as anyone could wish.

"Come and lunch with me to-morrow, dear," I said quickly, "I am going into a flat at Earl's Court, and we might be able to come to some understanding about sharing expenses. Would you?"

"I shall be just too delighted, old girl," she replied, flushing with pleasure; "so expect me to-morrow and bring your *fiancé* along too. I want to size him up."

I laughed. "Very well, meet us at Verrey's in Regent Street at two o'clock, and don't be late. For my future lord and master hates unpunctuality."

"Poor dear!" Dolly sighed; "so you will be tied to a paragon!"

At the stage door I introduced her to Wilfrid who had just come up, and we saw her into a hansom before getting into our own.

Marie had gone home before me, as I always had the society of Wilfrid, and when I went to my room after telling him about my invitation to Dolly for the following morning. I saw my faithful Abigail in tears while arranging my things for the night.

"Why, what's the matter, Marie?" I said; "anything wrong?"

"Oh, Miss," she sobbed; "I've had such a shock—my sister was one of the dressers at the theatre, and she has been run over and killed while going 'ome to-night."

I remembered quite well the tall, fair, delicate-looking girl, whom I had got into the theatre when Marie had spoken to me about her some weeks ago.

"I am so sorry," I said; "how did it happen?"

"She was crossing the road, miss"—the poor girl wept—"when, quite sudden-like, someone pushed against her, and she fell right in front of a motor-car—one of the stage 'ands was be'ind her, and saw her fall. They took 'er to Charing Cross 'Ospital, where she just died."

"Poor, poor girl," I murmured, shocked at the close proximity of death.

"Oh, miss! and she was so 'appy!" the girl moaned. "I had given her that coat and 'at you gave me, and to-night I gave 'er those red roses you threw away."

Those—red—roses—I—threw—away! Oh, God! how awful! Another innocent victim, trapped into the death prepared for me! The signal of *red* again—but *this* time red roses! I understood the likeness of the girl to myself, in my clothes, and carrying the fatal sign of danger in her hand!

That night, after soothing my poor maid, I crept out of the house, boarded a hansom to Charing Cross, and sent the following telegram:

"Paulton Nairn, Rambler's Club, Piccadilly.—Expect you—four to-morrow—urgent.

BLANCHE ST. LAWRENCE."

Dolly to the Rescue.

THE next morning Dolly lunched with Wilfrid and myself at Verrey's. Neither of them seemed to notice that I was not in my usual spirits, or that my gaiety was just a little forced and artificial. Once or twice I caught a fleeting glance of puzzled inquiry from Dolly's eyes, but she was bent on ingratiating herself with my future husband, who happened to be genuinely amused by her somewhat quaint observations and cynical speeches.

My future husband! Would he, I wondered, ever become my husband in reality, or did some ironic Fate loom before me, ready to dash to the ground my cup of happiness? Were my feet to wade through the waters of sorrow unaided and alone?

That I was marked down for the vengeance of those in league with my enemy, or enemies, was only too apparent, and, unless some great struggle were made, I would be sucked down into the maelstrom of hate! I had received a telegram from Paulton Nairn in answer to my own, saying he would call about four in the afternoon, and although acting on the sudden impulse of fear in appealing to him, I felt that I could no longer fight the lonely battle of despair single-handed.

There was no one to whom I could turn except my erstwhile admirer, and now devoted friend. Wilfrid, my lover, could not, or would not, help me to unravel the mystery that was slowly but surely, drawing us into the inexorable web of Fate. And yet I knew that the burden of fear was also killing him, chasing from his face the flush and light of youth, and lending it instead the grey garb of helpless despair!

A more than usually merry laugh from Dolly roused me to the exigencies of everyday society.

"Really, Blanche!" she exclaimed, "if there is any truth in the saying that the eyes are the windows of the soul, that particular portion of your being must be a regular Bluebeard's chamber! I could almost see the headless victims swaying under the shadow of your eyelashes!"

Wilfrid gave vent to the first laugh of amusement I had heard from him for a long time.

"I think it's hardly fair to me that your friends should see spectres in your eyes, Blanche! They will begin to imagine that I beat you when we are alone!"

I turned to him with a reckless laugh, I also could hold my own in mocking raillery when I chose.

"Tell me what you see in the windows of my soul? Name the spectre!"

With a half grave, half smiling expression, he leant forward and flashed a keenly intent look into my eyes; my colour rose under the consciousness of Dolly's sharp scrutiny, and I braced myself to meet the answer that rose to his lips. Would he guess how near spectres were to parting us for ever?

"The only one I can see now is the reflection of myself. Quite a proper and legitimate sort of spectre in his right place, eh, Miss Allgrace?"

"There are spectres *and* spectres!" remarked Dolly oracularly. "The only sort I fancy are those that make themselves scarce when wanted to. *I* usually have a summer sale every year, and get rid of my own particular ghosts at reduced prices."

Wilfrid looked at her curiously.

"So you have no locked doors in your memory, Miss Allgrace?"

A strange expression came over her face, then she laughed and said airily:

"I can't say that there are not one or two locks slightly damaged, but I have thrown away the keys, and now it does not matter!" Then turning to me, she said:

"May I come to tea this afternoon, Blanche? I am bound for the 'Frivolity' this evening, to watch Lydia Lloyd in my part, but I am free till then!"

"Yes," chimed in Wilfrid eagerly. "I have nothing to do myself, and will drive you both back to Kensington. You will dispense tea, dearest?" he queried, leaning toward me.

I hesitated, blushing hotly. I had not calculated upon the chance of not having my afternoon free, and now the memory of my appointment with Lord Paulton Nairn at four o'clock placed me in an awkward position. It was impossible to talk to him about the trouble on my mind before Dolly, and Wilfrid's suspicions would be roused did he notice anything out of the way. The only loophole for me was to send another telegram to Paulton, postponing his visit until the evening during the acts.

"Certainly," I replied slowly. "I will put off my visit to my dressmaker. I had intended going to have a dress tried on."

(Continued on page 47.)

The August ROYAL is a special seaside number, and is full of holiday articles and stories. Price 4d. as usual.

2,000 LETTERS ON YOUR BREAKFAST TABLE.

How would you like to receive 2,000 letters by the morning's post on one subject only? A visitor to the central distributing depot of the Bile Bean Manufacturing Co. at Leeds recently stood by when the clerks were opening the first post applications for free sample boxes.

"This is simply incredible," he remarked, as the eight hundredth letter was opened and dealt with. "I thought people advertised free samples more as a catch than anything else. I had no idea that it meant this, and that every letter had to be dealt with separately."

"Whatever the practice of other firms may be," said the manager, who was standing near, "when the bile bean co. offer to send a free sample box to persons who would like to try bile beans they mean it, and every application sent in is dealt with as carefully as if it were an order."

"Nine hundred! a thousand! eleven hundred! twelve hundred!" called the clerk, and as the letters were called out they were laid aside to be dealt with.

When the visitor turned to look into another department the big heap of letters was getting very low, and the clerk had passed no less than 1,800 applications.

Every reader of this July 18th issue of *Pearson's Weekly* may receive a free sample box of bile beans by sending a penny stamp, to pay return postage, to the bile bean company's depot, Leeds, and enclosing with his or her application this paragraph.

STRANGE RESULT OF A SHOCK.

"Your brother has just dropped down dead," said a friend to Mr. Harry Green, of Merlodge Street, Leicester. The news proved inaccurate. The brother was seriously ill, but not dead. This shock to the system had a most peculiar effect. It so acted upon Green's nerves that he lost the power of digestion. After every meal he had flatulence, pains in the chest and between the shoulders, headache, and the other well-marked and painful symptoms of this very prevalent and very serious disorder. He could not sleep, and quickly became reduced to a mere shadow of his former self. Every conceivable remedy was tried but the right one—a course of bile beans. At last, on the recommendation of a friend, he began to try this great vegetable specific. Within a very short time he felt relief, and day by day he got nearer to his old health. The emaciation disappeared, he gained weight, and in a few months was as healthy as ever in his life. In a letter to the proprietors of bile beans he says: "I send you this testimonial that you may use it for the benefit of other sufferers." Now indigestion has not often so extraordinary a cause as it had in the case of Mr. Green. However it may be caused makes no difference to the cure. The safest, surest, and most recent cure for indigestion and for all allied ailments is the great vegetable remedy, bile beans. To obtain a free sample, see paragraph "New Use for a Penny Stamp" on this page.

WHERE JOHN BUNYAN WAS ARRESTED.

From the pretty ivy-covered church tower of Pulloxhill, in Bedfordshire, can be seen the hills on which John Bunyan preached, and the eminence on which he was arrested in November, 1660. For twelve years after his arrest he lay in Bedford Gaol. "His great emotion," says a biographer, "destroyed his power of digestion. He had such pains that he expected to burst asunder like Judas, whom he regarded as his prototype. Times have changed vastly since then, and bile beans have done much to alleviate the sufferings of modern victims to indigestion and liver disorders.

Strangely enough, in the same village of Pulloxhill, at the school house near the same old tower, an instance of their great power has just occurred. Mrs. A. M. Fox, the local schoolmistress, says: "For several years I suffered very greatly from indigestion and biliousness, with all their terrible accompaniments. After food I had pain, flatulence, and dizziness. I had constantly a most distressing headache, with a sensation as of black spots jumping before my vision. Stifling sensations at the chest, a general feeling of languor and of depression, were ever with me. When doctors failed to relieve me, I turned to bile beans, and here I found relief. A short course of this vegetable specific restored me to complete health. What is still better, I have continued to keep well. This is particularly gratifying when I consider my case was a chronic one. I have recently had another experience of the power of bile beans. My daughter, a girl of sixteen, who is at the school with me, suffered from pimples and skin eruptions. She also began to take bile beans, and in a short time was cured." No matter how chronic they may be, all cases of indigestion, liver complaint, biliousness, constipation, and allied ailments, are cured by bile beans. This vegetable specific may now be had from all medicine vendors at one and three half pence or two and nine per box, but you are warned against imitations and worthless, if not actually harmful, substitutes. By reading the paragraph "New Use for a Penny Stamp" on this page you will see how to obtain a free sample box of this great vegetable preparation.

DISCOVERY BY A FILE CUTTER.

An interesting experiment which has produced most gratifying results has been tried by a householder living in Fawcett Street, Sheffield. Mr. John Hutchinson, a file cutter, has for the past twenty-five years experimented with many kinds of preparations with a view to obtaining a cure for liver complaint, to which he was a martyr. Recently he tried bile beans, and the result is that to-day he is completely cured. Speaking of his experience, he said to a local reporter: "During the last ten or twelve years I have suffered fearfully. I was miserable, depressed, and now and then I would shake all over so that I could hardly stand. Sometimes I was so bad in this way that I seemed to lose all power, and I could not hold the lightest article. One day I tried to lift the sugar basin, and I actually could not hold it, but let it fall."

Here Mrs. Hutchinson, interposing, said: "If bile beans can do what they have for my husband they can cure any case. He was so bad that when he came home he was utterly fagged, and would say, 'I shall have to go to bed and lie down.' Many a time I have had to go to the doctors and get him something, but it would only do him good for a day or two. And so he continued until he began to take bile beans. The first box did him a great deal of good; the second further improved him, and by the time he had taken a few boxes his ailment left him entirely."

NEW USE FOR A PENNY STAMP.

An ordinary penny postage stamp enclosed within an envelope containing also your full name and address will ensure you receiving a sample box of bile beans for biliousness, if posted to the bile bean company's central distributing depot, Greek Street, Leeds, Yorks. This offer is made by the proprietors because they have full confidence in their medicine, which, once used, becomes the family medicine in any home. The only condition imposed is that you will cut out this article from *Pearson's Weekly* of July 18th, and inclose it in your envelope. Bile beans have been proved to be a cure for indigestion, biliousness, constipation, piles, liver and kidney disorders, female ailments, anæmia, debility, flatulence, headache, loss of appetite, and all ailments arising out of impaired digestion and liver disorder. All chemists stock bile beans. Don't accept anything offered you as being "just as good"; you will only be disappointed.

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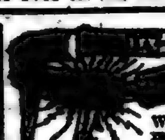

RUPTURE
Dr. Pierce's Electric Truss is a Marvel. Nothing like it. Best Retainer on earth and a Genuine Cure for Rupture. World-renowned. 22 improvements. If ruptured, send a stamp (any sort) for our "BOOKLET No. 1."—Magnetic E. Truss Co., 10 City Road, London, E.C. Also New York, San Francisco, and Sydney.

MOUSTACHE
A Beautiful MOUSTACHE grows in a few days when using Dalmet's Pomatum. Tried approved; recommended to all. Send 6d. in stamps for a box to
MR. B. DALMET,
43 Gray's Inn Road,
London.

The Polisher. Does not Scratch.

GIVES PERFECT LUSTRE TO ALL METALS TAKING A POLISH.
In Tins and Tablets, 1d. and 2d. from all Grocers, etc.
Write for free Sample to the Sole Agents:
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17 Philpot Lane, London, E.C.

The Daily Express
HA'PENNY.

ZOX, the sure pain cure.

Free Samples of ZOX are sent to any reader of "Pearson's Weekly."
The annexed illustration shows the nerves most susceptible to Neuralgia which are quickly soothed by Zox.
It is the easiest remedy to take, a tiny powder which can be given in any liquid. ZOX acts like a charm on nerve pains. NEURALGIA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE and INFLUENZA. All sufferers will be glad to know of this simple and Speedy Remedy. The proprietors offer to send two Free Sample Zox Powders to any reader of "Pearson's Weekly," who will send a stamped addressed envelope to the ZOX CO., 11 Hatton Garden, London, E.C. Of Chemists, &c., at 1/- & 2/6 per box.

By Royal Warrant to His Majesty the King.

Rowntree's ELECT Cocoa

Noted for its excellence and its economy.
An ideal summer supper beverage.

How to obtain Free Boxes of Rowntree's Chocolates. Write to-day for particulars to "Elect Coupons," Rowntree, York.

MEN, WOMEN, BE STRONG!!

Arouse yourself. Feel the spark of life in your nerves. Recover the strength you have lost. Would you not like to have your friends point to you as they used to do and say: "There goes a strong man"? Do you wish your eye to be so bright, your step so firm, and your form so erect, that men and women will admire you and remark about your manly or womanly bearing? These are the thoughts uppermost in the minds of modern men and women—physical and mental perfection, strength and power.

Who does not like to be strong, to feel that he is equal in strength to any of his age? You can be if you will obey the appeal here made to you.

Drugs have been tried and have failed—you know that, but

The Dr. McLaughlin Co's
ELECTRO-VIGOUR

cannot fail. It is Electricity, and "Electricity is Life." It gives you the oil with which to set the machinery of your body in motion, and a few months' use of it will assure you health and happiness for the rest of your life.

"It is worth its weight in gold to me," says a recent letter. "I would not sell it for five times its price, if I could not buy another," writes another grateful patient.

ELECTRO-VIGOUR will cure all Nervous troubles, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Backache, and Indigestion. It will prove of great value to any man or women who suffers from any of these ailments.

"SPECIAL NOTICE. Call and see this wonderful appliance if you can. Remember, when you use Electro Vigour you are under the care of a qualified physician. Consultation and examination free." If you cannot call we will send you FREE our beautifully-illustrated 64-page book, if you cut out this advertisement and send it in.

The Dr. P. McLAUGHLIN Co., 164 Strand, London, W.C.
(near Somerset House.)
Branch Office: 85 Buchanan Street, Glasgow.
OFFICE HOURS, 9 to 6.

WHENCE COMES THIS MIGHTY HEALING POWER.

All the Land Wonders at the Remarkable Cures effected by Professor Adkin.

HEALS DISEASES CALLED INCURABLE.

Ministers, Doctors, and Professional Men Tell How He Has Cured the Blind, the Lame, the Paralytic, and Many on the Very Brink of Death.

FREE HELP FOR THE SICK.

Professor Adkin Offers to Help All Sufferers from Any Disease Absolutely Free of Charge—Professional Men Investigate His Powers.

PROF. THOS. F. ADKIN,
President of the Institute of Physicians and Surgeons.

In all parts of the country men and women, doctors and [illegible], clergymen and educators, are wondering at the remarkable cures made by Professor Thomas F. Adkin, discoverer of the Adkin Vitaopathic treatment.

Prof. Adkin heals not by drugs, not by Christian Science, nor by Osteopathy, nor by Hypnotism, but by a subtle psychic force of nature in combination with certain vital magnetic remedies which contain the very elements of life and health.

A reporter recently talked with Prof. Adkin, and was asked to invite all readers of this paper who are sick, or who are worried by the ills of those dear to them, to write to him for assistance. "Some people have declared," said Prof. Adkin, "that my powers are superhuman, they call me a man of mysterious powers. This is not so; I cure because I understand nature, because I use the subtle force of nature to build up the system and restore health. But at the same time, I believe that it would not have been given me to make the discoveries I have made or the ability to develop them if it had not been intended that I should use them for the general good. I therefore feel that it is my duty to give the benefit of the science I practise to all who are suffering. I want you to tell your readers that they can write to me in the strictest confidence, if they are troubled with any kind of disease, and I will thoroughly diagnose their cases and prescribe a simple home treatment which I positively guarantee to effect a complete cure, absolutely free of charge. I care not how serious their cases, nor how hopeless they may seem. I want them to write to me and let me make them well. I feel that this is my life work."

So great is the sensation wrought in the medical world by the wonderful cures performed by Prof. Adkin that several professional gentlemen were asked to investigate the cases. Among these gentlemen were Dr. L. B. Hawley and Mr. [illegible] G. [illegible], both famous physicians and surgeons. After a thorough and painstaking investigation, these eminent physicians were so astounded at the far-reaching powers of Prof. Adkin, and the wonderful efficacy of Vitaopathy, that they volunteered to forsake all other ties in life and all other kinds of treatment and devote themselves to assisting Prof. Adkin in his great work for humanity. With the discovery of the Adkin Vitaopathy treatment, eminent physicians are generally agreed that the treatment of disease has at last been reduced to an exact science.

In all some 4,000 men and women have been cured by the powers of Prof. Adkin. Some were blind, some were lame, some [illegible] deaf, some were paralytics, scarcely able to move, so great was their infirmity. Others were afflicted with Bright's disease, heart disease, consumption, and other so-called incurable diseases. Some were sufferers from kidney trouble, dyspepsia, nervous debility, insomnia, neuralgia, constipation, rheumatism, and other similar ills. Some were men and women addicted to [illegible], morphine, and other evil habits. In all cases Prof. Adkin [illegible] guarantees a cure. Even those on the brink of the grave, with all hope of recovery gone and despaired of by doctors and friends alike, have been restored to perfect health by the force of Vitaopathy and Prof. Adkin's marvellous skill. And, remarkable as it may seem, distance has made no difference. Those living far away have been cured in the privacy of their own homes, as well as those who have been treated in person. Prof. Adkin asserts that he can cure anyone at any distance as well as though he stood before them.

Read a few short extracts from those who have taken his home treatment at a distance, and decide for yourself whether his claims are well founded.

From Mrs. Addie B. Hough, Omaha, Nebr., comes this kindly expression:

"I was ailing for fifteen years, and spent a small fortune doctoring, but did not get well. Have had seven doctors treat me (the best in the State), but they failed to understand my trouble. Then I had two operations, which left me in a worse state than ever.

"I read your advertisement, wrote to you for advice, took your treatment, which was very pleasant to take, and now I am well and hardy, free from pain, happy and grateful for the good benefits I have received."

Not long ago John Adams, of Blakesburg, Ia., who had been lame for twenty years, was permanently cured by Professor Adkin without an operation of any kind. About the same time the city of Rochester, N.Y., was startled by the cure of one of its oldest residents, Mr. P. A. Wright, who had been partly blind for a long period. John H. [illegible], of Millersburgh, Pa., who had suffered for years from a cataract over his left eye, was speedily restored to perfect sight without an operation. From Logansport, Ind., comes the news of the recovery of Mrs. Mary Fisher, who had been practically deaf for a year, while in Warren, Pa., Mr. G. W. Savage, a noted photographer and artist, who was not only partially blind and deaf, but at death's door from a complication of diseases, was restored to perfect health and strength by Professor Adkin.

W. H. Mitchell, of Fenton, Ont., Canada, writes: "To all whom this may concern—I, W. H. Mitchell, do hereby state that having been treated by Thos. F. Adkin for a complication of diseases and having been cured in three weeks' time, when all other remedies failed, I desire to acknowledge this by my own handwriting, and if anyone wishes to correspond with me relative to my case I will gladly do so, believing that in helping others to take the treatment they will never regret it as long as they live."

W. P. Betts, of Paris, Texas, says: "Before beginning your treatment I thought it was a scheme to deceive the unwary and get money. I had tried so many kinds of kidney cure all without avail, I became despondent. Your month's treatment has restored my kidneys to their normal condition, and I am feeling good in every way. Backache has gone, constipation of long standing is a thing of the past. Appetite and digestion good. Sleep well nights, and I am in my sixty-sixth year, and making a good livelihood at farm work. Vitaopathy, the invisible power, the science of Life, the gift of God, has accomplished this. May you live long and be happy."

Here is another: "I wish to write you what I call good news. The month's treatment is nearly finished, and so are my troubles. I have had no palpitation for over two weeks. My [illegible] I sleep like a babe, drop to sleep as soon as I go to bed. Before I commenced your treatment I got up some nights as many as eight and ten times, and have lain awake until three and four o'clock in the morning. I can express my feelings in no other way than by saying wonderful, wonderful!
Mrs. V. D. Spalding, Fletcher, Vt."

And this: "A short time ago I saw in the Houston Post your advertisement. I sent for the treatment, and when I received it I was suffering great pain. I was so blind that I could not see to read. On the [illegible] day of February I received your Vitaopathic treatment. On the fourth day that I tried the treatment the pains all left me suddenly; I have felt no pain since. I earnestly request all who may be suffering as I have suffered to write you, giving a statement of their case and take a month's home treatment. I am sure that if they will do so they can be cured by Vitaopathy."

"I have had honourable dealings with Professor Adkin and his staff of physicians and surgeons, and will be glad to tell anyone how I feel towards the treatment which I have received from him.
Yours sincerely, F. B. [illegible]."

Vitaopathy cures not one disease alone, but it cures all diseases when used in combination with the proper remedies. If you are sick, no matter what your disease nor who says you cannot be cured, write to Professor Adkin to-day; tell him the principal symptoms of your complaint, how long you have been suffering, and he will at once diagnose your case, tell you the exact disease from which you are suffering, and prescribe the treatment that will positively cure you. This costs you absolutely nothing. Professor Adkin will also send you a copy of his marvellous new book, entitled "How to be Cured and How to Cure Others." This book tells you exactly how Professor Adkin will cure you. It fully and completely describes the nature of his wonderful treatment. It also explains to you how you yourself may possess this great healing power and cure the sick around you.

Professor Adkin does not ask one cent for his services in this connection. They will be given to you absolutely free. He has made a wonderful discovery, and he wishes to place it in the hands of every sick person in this country that he may be restored to perfect health and strength. Mark your letter personal when you write, and no one but Professor Adkin will see it. Address: Professor Thomas F. Adkin, Office [illegible], Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A.

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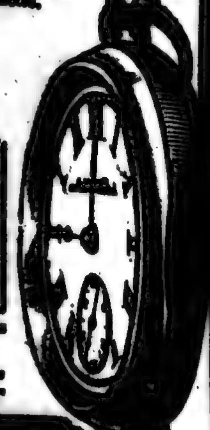

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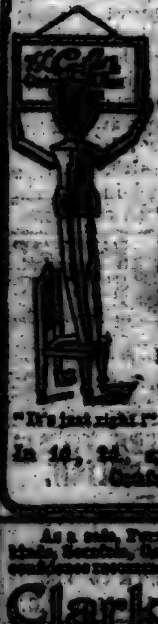

is so much liked by those who have tried it that they will have no other.

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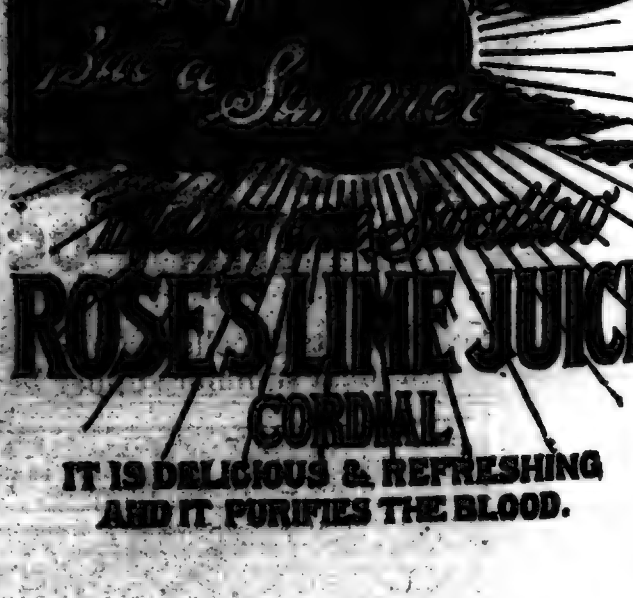

IT IS DELICIOUS & REFRESHING AND IT PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

[illegible] continued from page 46.

As we were leaving the restaurant, Wilfrid stepped aside to speak to a man he knew, and, seizing my opportunity, I said in a quick whisper to Dolly:

"Make an excuse to stop the hansom going home at a telegraph office, and send this telegram for me."

She nodded her head silently, and I scribbled on a card Lord Penlton Nairn's name and club address, adding, "Don't come, be at theatre nine, instead. Blanche St. Lawrence."

She slipped it into her glove as Wilfrid joined us, without glancing at it, and when, at her request, the hansom was stopped, and she went into the telegraph office, I sighed with relief at having so easily prevented a catastrophe.

After tea Wilfrid left us, and Dolly and I had time for a chat.

"He seems a real good sort," said Dolly, looking at Wilfrid's photo. "In fact, I don't think I've ever before struck one that retains his respect for women and yet mixes up in this profession! Men are bound to think lightly of actresses, they can't help it, it's the inevitable. They never hear of the great army of clean-living, self-respecting, middle-class actresses of the profession, who keep their souls clean while they paint their faces! It's the 'stars,' with their diamonds and dukes, and the chorus girls in the burlesque, with their paste and their [illegible], that tar us all with the same brush! But Mr. Hyne is different from the rest, and I should be sorry to see him treated like the others deserve to be!"

"If by all this you mean that you are afraid I shall jilt Mr. Hyne," I said coldly, "let me inform you, Dolly, that your fears are wasted."

"There, now I have made you shirty, and your great blue eyes are shooting flames of wrath at me!" she cried quickly, springing to her feet and laughing apologetically into my face. "Dear old girl! You know I think no end of you, and I only dread the wretched men, with their creeping, slimy ways, getting round you! That wire I sent for you this afternoon," she added, "you did not want him to know about it, or you would have sent it openly. I could not help seeing it was to a 'bloated aristocrat,' and I never trust men with titles, their reputations are always full of holes!"

"How absurd you are, Dolly!" I laughed, my momentary ill-humour evaporating under the influence of her quaint mannerisms. "The man you call a 'bloated aristocrat' is none other than an old mutual friend——"

At that moment, just when the name was on my lips, Marie came into the room with a letter. The poor girl was still swollen-eyed and mournful for the unhappy fate of her sister, and my heart contracted as I thought that I was responsible for the death of the unfortunate girl.

I took the letter and opened it slowly, a feeling strong upon me that it was a harbinger of bad tidings. But I was not prepared for the nature of the communication, which was brief and full of hidden meaning.

It ran as follows:

"If Miss Blanche St. Lawrence would like to learn about the mystery of her lover's life, she will do well to be at No. 18, The Albany, Piccadilly, on November the Seventh at three-thirty, when she will be placed in full possession of the facts regarding what has been [illegible] of speculation and doubt to her."

That was all, no signature, no address.

I put the letter down thoughtfully. It was only the middle of October, so I had plenty of time in which to decide upon either meeting my anonymous correspondent or altogether ignoring the incident.

"Is that a dun from a dressmaker or a request from the 'soap people' wanting you to give them a testimonial, as your skin is such an advertisement?" laughed Dolly.

"I shall shortly die of something else!" I laughed, "unless you stop talking such errant nonsense!" Then leaning forward, I said impulsively, "Dolly, I'm in an awful hole!"

She nodded her head. "I know you are! I did not require the ingenuity of a Sherlock Holmes to see that. Didn't I say a few minutes ago——"

"No, no," I interrupted her quickly, "you don't understand, Dolly. It's not what you think, an ordinary flirtation I wish to keep from Wilfrid, but something *far worse!*"

Her vivid, eager face paled.

"Oh, my dear! And I have been laughing and joking while you have been on the rack all this time! Don't keep me in suspense, Blanche, tell me quickly! I will help you, and do everything to defend you, dear old pal!"

Her ready sympathy touched me to the heart.

"Don't be frightened," I said with a shaky laugh. "I may be unconsciously exaggerating the case." Then I told her of my trouble with Decre, of the Glasgow reference book, and the dummy love letters he had returned to me.

"And the letters were from whom?"

"A couple of foolish love effusions written to me when we were in pantomime together at Anchester; you remember the man, Paul Elme?

"Then I [illegible] Wilfrid's reception at the Carlton, and introduced him to everyone. In an interview he managed to secure alone with me, he tried to make me persuade Wilfrid to put his money in some South African shares. I refused, and then he said he had given me 'dummy' letters, and that he still retained the originals. Every day now I dread the blow falling, for I know that it would be the end of all things so far as my engagement with Wilfrid is concerned. How shall I circumvent Lionel Decre?"

"Have you told me everything?" she rejoined slowly.

I hesitated momentarily. Somehow I found it difficult to mention, even to my dearest friend, those slumbering doubts about my lover and the mystery enveloping his life.

"Yes," I answered presently, "you know all concerning my dilemma with our bête noire, Lionel Decre; he hates me, and this sudden friendship for Wilfrid bodes him no good."

Dolly rose slowly to her feet, and thoughtfully adjusted her now pretty brown hair, which the cushion had somewhat loosened. Then she turned to me with a sudden laugh.

"Don't worry, Blanche. I am glad to know how things stand. I have a private score to settle with Lionel Decre. I am coming to look over the flat with you, dear, to-morrow," she continued. "I don't start rehearsing till Monday, so I have plenty of time to help you in settling our joint house until you leave me in the lurch to be married."

A sigh fluttered to my lips. Would I ever leave to be married or would Fate intervene?

(Another instalment next week.)

Isobel will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters so far as space permits. *A pretty pencil-case will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked* Home Notes Page.

Fresh Meat Must Never be Salted when frying, for salt tends to extract the juice of the meat and at the same time harden it.

To Destroy Earwigs on roses, dahlias, etc., place small inverted flower-pots on stakes. The small pots should be inspected twice a day and the contents shaken into a bucket of boiling water. (*Reply to* Ozone.)

Ink can be Removed from Paper if the stain is not too old as follows: Take a teaspoonful of chlorinated lime and add just enough water to cover it; take a soft cloth, moisten it in the mixture, and pat (do not rub) the stain gently, and it will slowly disappear. If one application is not enough try a second. (*Reply to* American.)

To Make Elder Ointment, so good for sores or chapped hands, proceed as follows: Take two good handfuls of young elder leaves and half a pound of lard. Put all into an enamelled saucepan and simmer for half an hour, then strain through a piece of muslin and put in pots for use. (*Thanks to* Ell.)

How to Make Cheesecakes. Take a pint and a half of new milk and curdle it with a teaspoonful of rennet. Break the curd with a wooden spoon and drain the whey from it. Add to the curd one well-beaten egg, a dessertspoonful of brandy, a tablespoonful of sugar, currants, and chopped candied peel to taste. Use this as any other cheesecake mixture. (*Reply to* Phyllis.)

Roman Pie is made as follows: Line a pie-dish or mould with good short paste, then fill with layers of well-boiled macaroni, then slices of cooked veal, or another white meat, grated Parmesan cheese, a little cayenne pepper, salt and finely-chopped onion. Pour in sufficient cream or milk to moisten the whole. Cover with short crust and bake thoroughly. Serve when cold turned out of the mould. (*Reply to* Fluff.)

For a Mayonnaise Sauce. A very quick way of preparing it is as follows: In a basin mix the yolks of two eggs, a teaspoonful of vinegar, the same quantity of made mustard, a good seasoning of salt and white pepper. With a whisk mix all these ingredients, then add oil gradually without stopping stirring. Do not let the mayonnaise become too thick. Prevent this by adding a few drops of tarragon vinegar or cold water. By experience I have found the above method very quick, and the oil need not be added drop by drop as in the old method. In the above quantity a good half pint of oil will be required. (*Reply to* H. K. S. and Sol.)

Preserved Strawberries. Take five pounds of large red strawberries; pound six pounds of best loaf sugar and strew it gently among and over them, let it remain all night. The next day, if sufficient juice has not run from the fruit to dissolve the sugar, add a little red-currant juice, or if that is not possible, use a little water. Skim the syrup well while it boils, but be careful not to stir the fruit so as to break the strawberries, which should remain whole. This jam is delicious in flavour. It should be put into glass jars, the fruit being put in first with a spoon and the syrup poured over it. The jars must be covered closely and kept in a cool, dry place. (*Reply to* A Willing Learner.)

Are You Troubled with Sleeplessness? If so, you will find a very useful and interesting article on this subject in Home Notes this week, which is dated July 23rd, and published on July 17th. You will also see much that is of interest in that charming ladies' paper, viz.: "Tourist Notes dealing with a week's holiday at Caen; "Our Open Letters" on the questions, "Is a Man Wise who Marries a Popular Girl?" and "Has Housework a Coarsening Effect upon the Character?" "Advice to Mothers"; a novel suggestion for making a Canopied Lounge, with illustration; the fourth article of a series entitled, "Sermons by a Sinner"; useful hints for the home dressmaker, and interesting Society Gossip. Price 1d. as usual.

To Remove Fruit Stains. Pour really boiling water on to fruit stains (even blackberry) before washing, and they will be removed as if by magic.

When Washing Fine White Flannels add a little powdered borax to every pailful of water! This greatly helps to keep the texture soft.

To Relieve Soft Corns. Keep the feet scrupulously clean and dry thoroughly. Then cover the corns with a little pad of wash leather, kept in place by a piece of sticking plaster. (*Reply to* Goody.)

To Make Preserved Ginger at Home. Place the quantity of root ginger you require into boiling water every night and morning for fifteen days. Then remove the outside skin with a sharp knife. Boil the ginger in water till quite tender, then cut in lengths. Prepare a syrup of one pound of sugar to half a pint of water. Clarify it and put the ginger in it. Boil it till clear. Allow the preserve to become quite cold before placing in the jar. (*Reply to* Mrs. J. Paxton.)

How to Store French Beans. Cut the beans up as usual, boil for ten minutes in water without salt, put into a colander. Fill tins with them almost to the top, leaving only a little room for enough boiling water to cover them, then solder the tins down, after which boil them for an hour. Take the tins out and keep them in a dry place. Being a town dweller I have not been able to try this, but it was given me by a Colonial reader. (*Reply to* Eccremocarpus and Housekeeper.)

To Preserve Peas. This recipe for bottling peas for winter use is a great favourite with my readers, and I think you will be pleased with it. To every quart of shelled peas allow half a pint of salt. Mix all together and leave in a dish all night. Next day fill bottles with the salt and peas, cork up, wax, and keep on their sides. When the peas are required for use they should be steeped in cold water over night, and thoroughly washed before being cooked in the usual way. (*Reply to* M. Lansdale.)

Fruit Salad. Boil half a pound of white sugar with a little water till you have a thin syrup. Peel some ripe pears and cut them in thin pieces; also plums, peaches, or any other fruit; slice two bananas, after peeling, and add to the other ingredients, with some purple grapes, in a china bowl. Pour the boiling syrup over the fruit, add to it half an ounce of peeled pistachio nuts and half an ounce of sweet almonds, both coarsely chopped. When the salad is cold add two tablespoonfuls of maraschino and serve. Whip a small quantity of thick cream, place it in a little glass bowl and hand with the salad. (*Reply to* Summers and N. J. L.)

Strawberry Trifle. Take six spongecakes, about a dozen good-sized strawberries, two dessertspoonfuls of castor sugar. Put the strawberries into a basin, first removing the stalks, and break them up. Mix the sugar with them. Cut the spongecakes in half, and spread each half thickly with the strawberry mixture. Now take three eggs, beat them well up with one quart of milk. Put in a saucepan and bring just to boiling point, stirring carefully; add one tablespoonful of sugar. Arrange the spongecakes in a glass dish, pour the custard over them, place a few cut strawberries here and there and leave until cold. (*Thanks to* Mrs. Park.)

Bull's Eyes. Necessary ingredients: One pound of loaf sugar, half a gill of water, one tablespoonful of vinegar, cherry red colouring liquid. Boil the sugar to the "crack" degree with the water, test it as you would barley sugar, add the vinegar, and boil again till it will snap; pour it on a slightly oiled marble slab, put from twelve to fourteen drops of essence of lemon on the sugar, take the sides of the sugar as it cools, and fold them into the middle, doing this as quickly as possible; pull the sugar on the candy-hook and cut the bull's eyes to any size required. As the sugar soon becomes brittle, they should be cut as soon as cool. They may be coloured to taste. (*Reply to* Maley.)

Very Good Puff Paste. A correspondent sends me the following recipe, which she says is an easy way of making pastry quite as good as that made by a pastry cook, at a very much smaller cost: Weigh equal quantities of flour and suet. Put the suet into a mortar, first removing all skin, and pound it until it is quite soft. Mix the flour with a little salt and some water in the usual way and roll out. Take the suet and put it into the middle of the paste. Roll over, and leave for a short time in a cool place. Roll again until firm, and prepare as wanted. This recipe comes from Egypt, and is used by all good Arab cooks, whose pastry is excellent. (*Thanks to* E. Clarke-Shaw, Alexandria.)

Isobel

Holidays for 1903.	
Good Friday	*April 10.*
Easter Monday	*April 13.*
Whitsun Monday	*June 1.*
Bank Holiday	*August 3.*
Christmas Day	*December 25.*
Boxing Day	*December 26.*

	1903. July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
S	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29	6 13 20 27
M	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23 30	7 14 21 28
T	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24	1 8 15 22 29
W	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23 30	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25	2 9 16 23 30
T	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	3 10 17 24 31
F	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27	4 11 18 25
S	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	5 12 19 26

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For 2/6 down and the remainder in instalments of 2/6, 1/-, or how you like, until 35/- is paid, when you can have the smartest Week-End Suit for 35/- to measure. Distance no objection. You can pay the balance due at the rate of 1/6 Weekly after receiving suit. Your money returned if you are not satisfied.

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All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Why Buy Penknives?

A penknife will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

REFERRING to a paragraph which appeared in *P.W.* a fortnight back which told of the reunion of friends, who had lost sight of each other, through the name and address of one of them appearing in *P.W.* as a pencil-case winner, H. R. writes: "I beg to state that, during the late South African War, I figured in your list as a penknife winner. This was seen by a wounded soldier in one of the hospitals at the front, and, not having heard of me for a considerable time, he wrote me a letter, which I immediately answered. Since he has reached England, he has called on me, and expressed his pleasure at finding me out."

"CAN any man, engaged in religious work, add the title 'Reverend' to his name?" asks J. G. K., "or must he get the title by preaching, or passing an examination, such as that for B.A. or M.A.?"——— The title "Reverend," like "Professor," has no established value, unless accompanied by a statement of the holder's position. Anybody practising any kind of denominational work can use the title, just as anyone "professing" any subject can call himself "professor." In the Church of England, of course, it is assumed that anyone holding the title has been formally ordained by the Bishop.

HAS your curiosity been aroused over the new postal orders, which came into operation on July 1st? They are very pretty. Call and purchase one at the nearest post-office and so satisfy your curiosity. This done, direct it to Hon. Sec. of the F.A.F. You can get them from 1s. upwards.

IN the letters forming the name "Pearsons," the following words can be made from letters appearing in their consecutive order: Pea, pear, pears, ear, ears, arson, son, sons. I will give a penknife to each of the twenty-five readers who send in a word from which can be made the largest number of smaller words, the letters forming such words, of course, to run consecutively. Postcards only may be used, except when competitors desire to inclose stamps for the F.A.F. Attempts to be addressed to the CONSECUTIVE EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, and must reach us not later than by the first post Tuesday, July 28th.

SKIPPER was engaged to a young lady, but had to break it off for private reasons, six weeks before the appointed wedding day. After two years, he has heard that she is to be married. Would it be right to send her a good wedding present from the remote foreign place in which he is living?———If the girl appreciated your reasons for breaking off the match, and took them as conclusive, I suppose you have retained her friendship. It would therefore be perfectly in order to make her a wedding present, showing that you wish her every happiness in the future. This is particularly the case in view of your absence in such a remote place. I should send her something out of the common if I were living there, which she would value apart from any other consideration.

"NEXT to the literary profession, which calling furnishes the most writers?" asks S. A. L.——— Probably the Law. A great many famous writers of to-day have been called to the Bar in their youth. The reason is that "the Bar" is in most cases not taken up as a serious profession by young men. It serves to put a finishing touch to their University education. One author told me recently that had he taken up any other profession than the Law—say Medicine or the Army—he would probably never have written a line. As a would-be barrister, waiting for briefs, he used to find the time hang so heavily on his hands that as a desperate measure to kill it he amused himself writing stories. After awhile he warmed to his new work, and made a series of "hits." Had he been a doctor or a soldier, probably as a serious and clever man, he would have been far too busy trying to make headway to trifle with literature. A barrister's success, on the other hand, depends so much on good luck, and elocutionary gifts, that only too many otherwise clever men find themselves "briefless," and have to make up the necessary funds by scribbling, or kindred work.

RESULT OF THE "POSTER" COMPETITION.

A PENKNIFE has been awarded to each of the following:

F. Mcturgan, 12 Chief Street, Belfast; J. Moore, 8 Norris Road, Witton Road, Aston; A. E. Eraut, Belleville, St. Saviour's, Jersey; F. Lacy, 11 Buckingham, Strand, W. C.; W. Thom, jun., 3 Argus Place, Parkhead, Glasgow; F. Murdoch, c/o Cameron, 220 Hope Street, Glasgow; H. Rice, Exon, Regina Road, West Ealing, W.; J. D. Lauterbach, Boldmere Road, Wylde Green, Birmingham; C. Donaldson, 6 Johnston Terrace, Edinburgh; C. Timpson, 34 Stockport Road, Ashton-under-Lyne; S. K. Morley, 2 Crescent Avenue, Hexham; G. Launder, 36 Leppoc Road, Clapham, S.W.; L. Hooper, 3 Normanview, Magdalene Green, Dundee; J. H. Baker, 43 High Street, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne; A. Sparks, 9 St. Stephen's Road, Buckland, Portsmouth; C. H. Pennycook, 19 Dyke Road, Brighton; C. Crothall, Leith Villa, Priory Hill, Dover; W. Crampton, Cadishead, Manchester; C. Day, 87 Burrell Road, Ipswich; C. Russell, 58 Rodney Street, Edinburgh; A. Harrison, 6 William Street, Blackburn; E. M. Marsden, Chalgrove, Edge Hill, Plumstead, S.E.; R. J. Shirley, Holly Lodge, Wolstanton, St. Is.; A. Ellis, Hobbs Cross Road, Harlow, Essex; G. Lowe, 2 Walcot Square, Kennington, S.E.

"WHEN was the movement of partial teetotalism started?" asks K. Q. W.———About three hundred years ago, and in Germany. An order was instituted providing that no member should take more than two meals a day, confining his drinks to those meals, and not drinking more than seven tumblers of liquor with each. In Britain, certainly, the allowance would seem pretty liberal, and not over teetotal at that, but no doubt the Germans of old knew how much they could take, and made nothing of seven tumblers.

"Is there such a thing as a person who honestly dislikes music?" asks D. K., "and is this due to any mental defect, or is it sheer perversity?"———There certainly is the unmusical man, who dislikes music heartily and sincerely. I know people who know the lives of the composers thoroughly, what they wrote, how it is performed, and where, yet who confess that they themselves detest the very sound of music. Nature has not endowed them with that sharp sense of tone which enables them to detect the beauties of harmony and tune. What sends another person into ecstasy will be mere noise to one of these people. Just the same thing applies to the eye and the colour-sense. How many of us really take in all the colour effects of a landscape, and take pleasure in contemplating them? Very few indeed, simply because we have not troubled to develop the colour sense to the extent we have that of sound. The unmusical man, therefore, is probably quite as sincere and mentally sound as his musical fellow, but suffers from a physical failure. It must, however, be added that the extremely musical person is not necessarily a more useful member of the community, as what he gives to music he often takes away from the ordinary duties of life.

"WHAT great city would suffer the most from an attack by an invading force, naval or military?" asks CURIOUS.———It is fearful to conceive the position of New Yorkers if the enemy got within firing range of their city. The crowded parts are those first approached from the harbour, and offer an inducement to the besieger in the shape of that group of sky-scrapers—running to thirty storeys high—which occupies about a mile of the length of Broadway. The collapse of these enormous blocks of buildings would cause appalling havoc in the streets below. Besides that, it would be easy—according to American authority—for an enemy to mine the new system of tunnels which burrow under New York, and which, when constructed, will make it the most tunnelled city in the world, London not excepted. Seeing the large foreign population in New York, their action in time of war is a serious problem for our kinsmen, so that of all the cities of to-day least able to stand a heavy bombardment, New York probably takes first place. At the same time, the entrance to New York Harbour is about the most heavily mined in the world, so the task of getting into range of the city would puzzle most fleets of to-day.

"HOW is it," asks X. F., "that school dunces often make names for themselves in after life, but very clever boys and girls very rarely keep up their early promise?"———That is one of those statements which are often made, but very rarely examined. To begin with, the real "dunce"—that is, the hopeless nincompoop—very rarely does distinguish himself. The so-called "dunce" who grows up famous has invariably shown in early youth some distinct gift, say, for music, sketching, carving, carpentry, and other things. As his talent in one of these directions increases, so his other proclivities must decrease. All the great composers, and most of the great painters, sculptors, or mechanics, have shown signs of their gifts as children. To take the other statement, that very clever girls and boys rarely keep up their early promise, there is more truth in it. A child who shows an "all-round" mental capacity probably has no gift in particular, and without some such gift, nobody ever achieves fame. On the other hand, these all-round clever children will probably work themselves into good business positions, and achieve more financial success than their more gifted famous rivals.

GIVE AND TAKE writes to me as follows: "I am pleased to say I have unearthed yet another way to raise a little money for the F.A.F. It is as follows: I am in business as a chemist, and am often appealed to for a small donation for this church or that charity. As soon as a collector produces his book, I hand over an F.A.F. form and say: 'I will give you a donation provided you give me one for the FRESH AIR FUND,' or 'Whatever you give to the F.A.F., I will give to your cause.' In some cases the collector edges out and goes his way empty-handed. But, as a rule, I obtain a little help for the poor lads and lassies. I have got a few shillings together in this way, and will remit to you in a few weeks when I have obtained a little more. I should like the readers of *P.W.* to know of the above method, as I am sure it would be the means of more money being raised for this grand object."

A SPECIAL F.A.F. outing, to be called Dawlish Day Excursion, is being held on July 22nd.

THE splendid sum of £10 5s. 8d. has come to hand from the men of H.M.S. *Duke of Wellington*, and the children benefiting by the men's generosity will be taken to Loughton on the "Duke of Wellington's Day," July 23rd.

Amount Previously Acknowledged, £1 [illegible]

E. Lewis, 1s. 6d.; N. Pearson, 5s.; F[illegible] Snell, 2s. 6d.; Vin Gib, [illegible]; T. C. Smith, [illegible] Frida, 5s.; Harry and Arthur, 1s. 6d.; Four [illegible] 9d.; Anon., 5s.; Peter, 7s.; Barbara, 2s. 6d.; G. [illegible] 7s.; J. P. B., 1s. 6d.; E. B., 1s. 6d.; A. and N[illegible] 1s. 6d.; M. A. N., 1s. 6d.; Master Anderson, £1 [illegible] E. Crooke, 2s. 3d.; Sir W. St[illegible], [illegible]; A. G[illegible] 9d.; W. Still, 5d.; J. Austin, 2s. [illegible] Garrick, £1; A. L., 7s.; Mac and Lindsay [illegible] Roe, 1s. 6d.; Col.-Sergt. Parnell, [illegible]; Rose Sher[illegible] 5s.; Messina, 1s. 3d.; P. B., 9d.; Anon., £[illegible] V. [illegible], 12s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; M., 9d.; [illegible] Sally, 9d.; Nancy and Lucy Barton, [illegible] 13s.; Constance Annesley, 10s.; Miss Roden, [illegible] Peter Kazimirovich, £1 [illegible]; J. [illegible] Widower's Mite, 1s.; A. Such, 2s. 6d.; Neva, [illegible] and Friends, 4s.; H. C. Carne, 9d.; L. P., 1s. 6d.; [illegible] £ 2s.; Friends, Ditling, [illegible]; Sailor Marcus, 10s.; [illegible] Horton, 5s.; J. Griffith, 2s.; Rephidim, 10s.; F. [illegible] S. H., 1s. 6d.; K. Beechy, 1s. 6d.; J. Bell, 9d.; K[illegible] 5s.; G. Stephenson, 9d.; M. McLeese, 6d.; A[illegible] 22nd Birthday, 1s. 6d.; Hamilton Cooper, 2s.; A [illegible] Mrs. Stewart, 1s. 6d.; R. C. Bennett, [illegible]; A. Nicoll, [illegible] Derby, 8s.; H. Pearson, 1s.; Mabel Brunton, [illegible] Delta, £1; W. Carr, 3d.; Mrs. Swanson and M[illegible] Servants, [illegible]; Nil Desperandum, 5s.; A Friend, [illegible] [illegible]; Sonny, Jim and Al, 5s.; R. P. Weasley, [illegible] 5s.; E. Betts, 1s. 6d.; Lime Grove, 1s. 6d.; J. T. [illegible] Jones, £1; Pros, 1s.; E. Irwin, £5; Mythol[illegible]; A. G. Foster, £1; Mrs. Blaber, [illegible]; E. Pearl [illegible] E. H. L., 10s.; P. W. R., 1s. 6d.; C. P. Aberdeen, [illegible] der Dees, 6d.; J. W., 10s.; Anon., 9d.; Don[illegible] 1s. 6d.; From the Stars, 7s. 6d.; Norman Elliott, [illegible] K. H. M., 10s.; Conscience Money, 2s. 6d.; H. B., 4s. [illegible] 1s.; K. E. Ridgeon, 1s. 6d.; G. Hedges, £1 1s.; G. [illegible] A. J. D., £1; W. Charlesworth, £1; J. Rothwell, [illegible] 3s. 6d.; S. Ayres, 1s. 6d.; J. Dennington Jenner [illegible] 1s.; C. Lamb, 5s.; M. Ashwell, 9d.; Anon., 2s.; B[illegible] 3s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.

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Grand (*P.W.*) Total, £1,518 8s. 3d.

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***Signature* ....**

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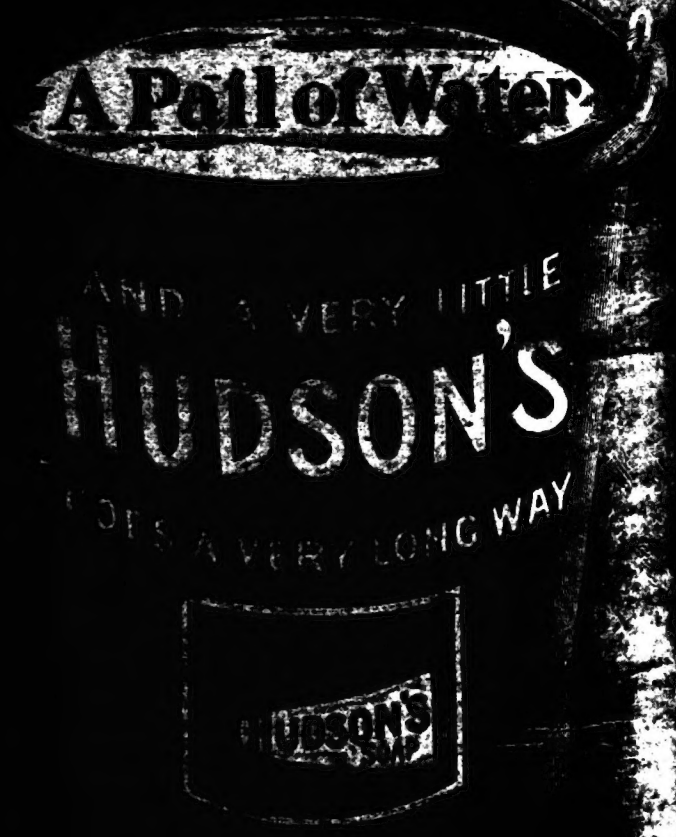
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